

APRIL 25c

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Coronet



**LOVE
and the
SINGLE
WOMAN**
page 171

IT'S STOLEN



AMERICA'S HEART

"How soon can I get one?"

That's the first question everyone asks when he sees the Airflyte.

Everything else is so obvious!

You see one racing curve from bold bullet nose to tear-drop tail—*that's Nash and Nash alone!*

You enjoy room you've always wanted and never had before—seats so wide they make up into Twin Beds—*that's Nash and Nash alone!*

You ride in the super safety of the Girder-built Unitized Body and Frame . . . pillowed by super-soft coil springs on four wheels—*that's Nash alone!*

You have Cockpit Control and the Uniscope . . . and a great curving, undivided windshield . . . Weather Eye Conditioned Aircomfort—*that's Nash and Nash alone!*

You drive the first engine with Uniflo-Jet Carburetion . . . more than 25 miles to the gallon in the Nash "600" at average highway speed—*that's Nash and Nash alone!*

Ride it just once—and you'll find your heart, too, belongs to Nash.

Two series, the Nash "600" and Nash Ambassador. At your Nash dealer's showroom now.

Nash *Airflyte* Great Cars Since 1902

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Michigan



How we retired with \$200 a Month

WE'D never be out here in California today, if it hadn't been for what happened back in Scarsdale the night of September 10, 1926. How do I remember the date? It was my 40th birthday. Nell had gotten tickets for "Countess Maritza." While she was dressing, I sat looking through a magazine.

I suppose any man feels kind of serious at forty. Someday we wanted, Nell and I, to move out where it was summer all year. Grow flowers and soak up the sun. But how could we? We hadn't saved much. And I realized half my working years had gone. I made a fair salary. But we found it hard to save. So I wondered—must I always live on a treadmill like so many men?

As I turned the pages, an ad caught my eye and I started to read it. Oddly, the ad seemed meant for me. There was, it said, a way for a man to retire on an income—without ever being rich. It was called the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan. With it, I could get a guaranteed income of \$200 a month beginning when I reached 60.

I tore out the coupon at the bottom of the ad and mailed it on our way to the show.

Well, that was back in 1926. A few years later, the stock market crashed and the depression came along. Then the war. Many times I was thankful that I had my Phoenix Mutual Retirement Plan.

A while back my 60th birthday arrived—and did we celebrate! We sold the Scarsdale house and headed for California. We're in a lovely spot here. And every month the postman hands us a check for \$200. Security? Our income is guaranteed for life!

Send for Free Booklet—This story is typical. Assuming you qualify at a young enough age, you can plan to have an income of \$100 to \$200 a month, or more—beginning at age 55, 60, 65 or older. Send the coupon and receive by mail a free booklet telling about Phoenix Mutual Plans. Similar plans are available for women. Don't delay. Send for your copy now.

PLAN FOR MEN

PLAN FOR WOMEN

Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Co.
763 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, the booklet checked below, describing retirement income plans.

Plan for Men ☐ Plan for Women ☐

Name

Date of Birth

Business Address

Home Address



ESTABLISHED 1854

PHOENIX MUTUAL

Retirement Income Plan

GUARANTEES YOUR FUTURE

CHEVROLET



The Styleline DeLuxe 2-Door Sedan

Look... Ride... Decide...
*it's the most Beautiful **BUY** of all!*

Yes, we suggest that you let *your* eyes—*your* driving and riding experience—and *your* judgment of automotive values inspire you to make the happy decision to choose this thrilling new Chevrolet for '49.

Its outstanding Fisher Body lines and luxury, its world's champion Valve-in-Head performance and economy, its totally new kind of driving and riding

ease—all will tell you, unmistakably, here's *the most beautiful buy of all!*

So just visit your nearest Chevrolet dealer's; get the whole wonderful story of the most exciting new car of today; and then you'll know why more people are buying Chevrolets than any other make *this* year, just as they have done during the total 18-year period, 1931 to date!

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, General Motors Corporation,
DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN





Coronet

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Corer

Three Youngsters.....	J. FREDERICK SMITH
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HIS FACE IS HIS FORTUNE

A POPULAR, busy child model, like five-year-old Patrick Wright (*above*), often finds himself face to face with his fortune—his picture reproduced on posters, billboards, and in newspapers and magazines. Patrick—whose mother and baby sister also model—began his career shortly after he learned to talk. One of the first three-syllable words he

mastered was “Bannister” — the name he still gives to Constance Bannister, one of America’s leading photographers of children, who is shown putting Patrick through his photogenic paces. However, little Patrick remains unspoiled by fame. When asked to comment on his profession he is apt to shrug and say: “I guess it’s all right.”

**AFTER
2000**



YEARS ♦♦♦ it suddenly happened

From Greek and Roman days right down to the present time, women have faced the same old monthly sanitary problem with essentially the same old methods. All through the Middle Ages and colonial America and the Victorian period, we find history crowded with change — new fashions, new ideas, new art, new inventions! But what about the woman alone with her "unspeakable days"? Civilization gave *her* no new ideas for twenty centuries!

Then suddenly it happened! An *essentially different kind* of monthly protection appeared. Invented by a doctor, it is used internally and is called Tampax. It requires no pins, belts or external pads. It causes no odor and no sign or trace of the Tampax can be detected under the sheerest

clothing... Made of pure surgical cotton, Tampax comes enclosed in slender white throw-away applicators, designed for quick and dainty insertion.

You cannot feel the Tampax when in place. You need not remove it for tub or shower—and disposal is easy. Sold at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbencies — Regular, Super, Junior... Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



*Accepted for Advertising by
the Journal of the American Medical Association*

The Eternal City

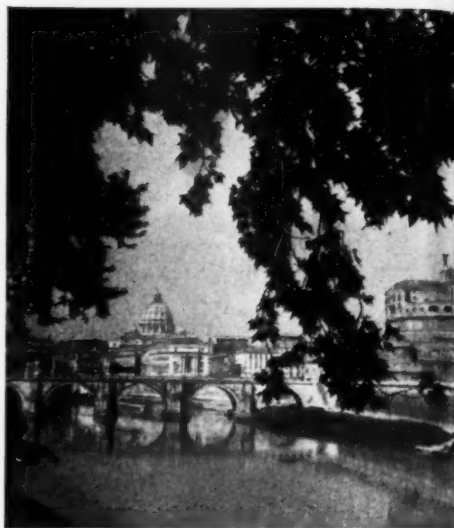
HISTORY HOLDS NO GREATER WONDER than the little Roman village which rose to rule the then-known world. The story of Rome is, above all, a story that really happened: legionnaires stood at civilization's outposts from Britain to the Red Sea, making the Roman Empire a One World as we have never known it since.

Today, 15 centuries after the great Empire crumbled, it requires a mighty imagination to picture the village of Rome—as small as Birch Tree, Missouri—starting on the road to supremacy.

Even at the height of her power, Rome was no larger than Detroit—yet when the end of her pre-eminence came, the light of the world went out and mankind stumbled into the Dark Ages. But, invaded and rebuilt, burnt and renewed, Rome still stands as a symbol of living history. A busy world metropolis, the city of the Seven Hills is a reminder that the glory that was hers can never really die.

To walk its streets and squares is to be carried back through centuries . . . here a Renaissance church, here a shattered statue of an emperor as some Northern vandal left it, here the magnificent ruins of the Colosseum where early Christians died for a faith the world now takes for granted.

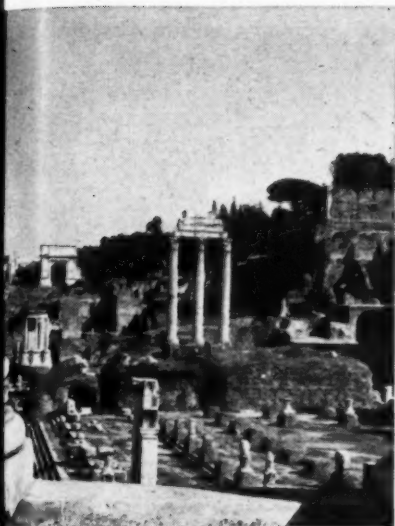
In Rome—the Eternal City—man sees his past spread out before him. It is a city of monuments to the hopes and strivings of humanity.



1. Rome and the Vatican City as seen from the Tiber River. The dome of St. Peter's rises on the horizon.



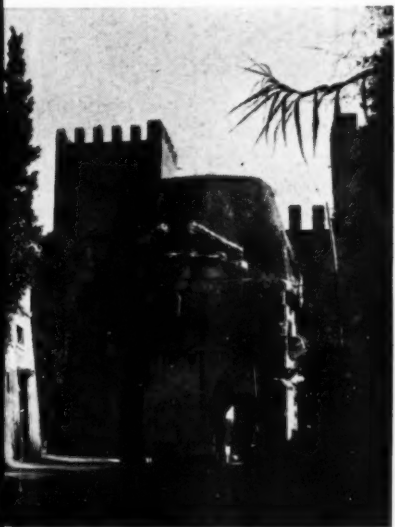
4. The San Sebastian Gate—the entrance to the Roman roadmakers' great triumph, the Appian Way.



2. The Roman Forum. Here Marc Anthony addressed the people after the assassination of Julius Caesar.



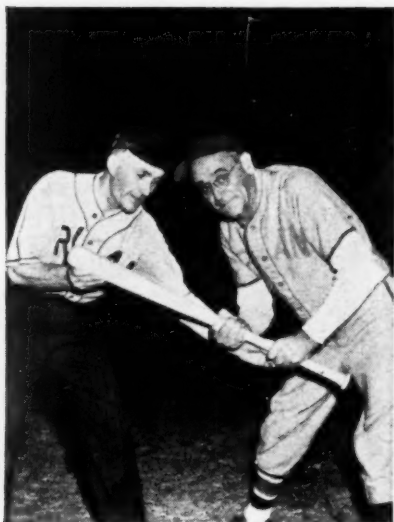
3. The most magnificent of all the Forums—Trajan's Forum, built by the Emperor in his own honor.



5. By the Colosseum stands the Arch raised in honor of Constantine, last of the great Roman Emperors.



6. Rising on the spot where St. Peter died, St. Peter's symbolizes Rome after Empire, a spiritual center.



Cricket O'Brien Brushes Up



Janice Scogins Takes Her Cut

Hits and Misses

ON SEPTEMBER 4, 1925, the Ryan and Cascade, Iowa, baseball teams clashed in a hard-fought, 16-inning tie game that die-hards still insist was called only because the umpire had to milk his cows. It wasn't until 1926, after three more attempts to end the deadlock, that Cascade finally squeezed out a 1-0 victory. But Ryan, brooding about its defeat, challenged Cascade to a replay—22 years later.

On August 22, 1948, 18 middle-aged men took the field. With the final out, Cascade had a clear-cut 18-11 triumph after 23 years and 54 hectic innings of baseball.

However, Iowans have a hunch that they haven't seen the end of the Ryan-Cascade rivalry yet.

ONCE, THE PROSPECT of watching a girls' baseball team aroused as much interest as an invitation to a game of tiddlywinks. Now, girls' softball attracts huge crowds who recognize good baseball.

Since 1933, when the first "Little World Series" was organized, the game has been played with the fervor of a major-league tussle.

Girls' softball may never produce another Babe Ruth; but the story is told of a girl star who batted in a boys' sand-lot game in Connecticut a few years ago. She hit the first pitch into the next county and was promptly approached by the awe-struck pitcher. "Gee, lady," he said. "Have you got a brother who could play on our team?"

To Introduce

New Film-Removing Pepsodent

Amazingly Improved!

REGULAR PRICE 50¢

2 ^{25¢} TUBES 33¢

YOU SAVE 17¢



Another Fine Product of
Lever Brothers Company

New Film-Fighting Formula Brightens Teeth, Cleans Breath!

Thrillingly different! New film-removing Pepsodent foams wonderfully—goes to work *faster* removing the film that makes your teeth look dull.

Moreover, Pepsodent's amazing new formula routs "bad breath" germs that lurk in film—germs that cause food particles to decay and taint your breath.

Try new *fast-foaming* Pepsodent with Irium. See if it doesn't give you brighter teeth; cleaner, fresher breath. Hurry! Act while money-saving offer lasts!

Act today!

Pepsodent's twin-pack bargain
on sale at all drug counters

For limited time only!

APRIL, 1949

11

Broadway Buffoon

BOBBY CLARK, play acting as the husband of the first woman President, in the Broadway hit, *As the Girls Go*, is the best available proof that vaudeville is not dead. Called "the funniest man in America" and, by a few rabid devotees, "the greatest man in the world," the rowdy comedian clings to his roots in the minstrel show.

An aspiring vaudevillian from the age of 12, Bobby was practicing his acts before he was out of grammar school. When he finally arrived on Broadway, it was by way of burlesque, circus and vaudeville.

Enchanted theatergoers feel that Bobby's life must be a continuous frolic. Actually, he has a keen comic mind, ever alerted for audience reaction. He insists that "one prop is worth 1,000 gags," and is seldom seen onstage without his painted-on glasses. Casts of Bobby Clark shows are always on their toes, no matter how long the run, kept from going stale by his improvisations and comic surprises.

Never one to be encumbered by weighty plot or lengthy dialogue, Clark depends on physical antics to keep 'em laughing. To prove that the play is by no means the thing, he stepped before the opening-night audience of *Sweethearts* and said, "Never was a thin plot so complicated." Then he proceeded to make *Sweethearts* a smash hit.



In the hilarious sketches of *Star and Garter*, Bobby Clark's clowning was a satire on human eagerness.



His unshakable faith in the value of stage props was evident in his version of *The Would-Be Gentleman*.



Sweethearts, a Victor Herbert operetta, became a riotous parody under the influence of the master comic.



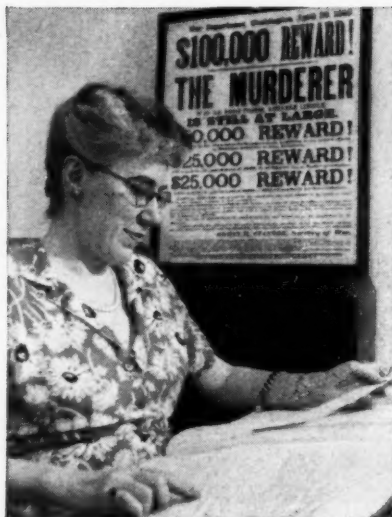
Onstage, Bobby puffs frantically at a cigar which emits a shower of sparks. But each cigar is frugally saved.



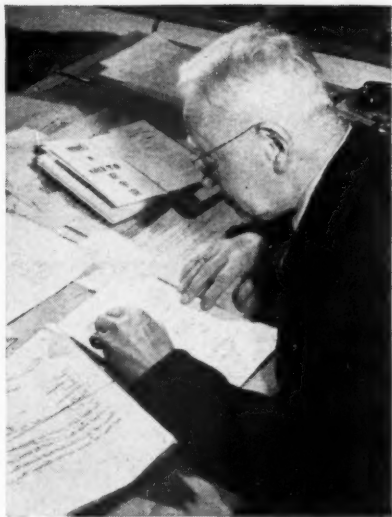
Bobby is the classic example of the clown who bellows, blusters, and is at his best when all goes wrong.



A hat, a short coat and a cane—these are the consistent laugh-getters of Broadway's top comedian.



Mary Benjamin—Autograph Collector



Griffith T. Ellis—Movie Forger

What's in a Name?

IF YOU WANT TO BUY an original Napoleonic order of the day, the person to see is Mary Benjamin.

As long ago as 1887, her father decided that autograph collecting should be a lucrative profession. Today, Miss Benjamin heads the oldest and one of the largest autograph agencies in America. Far from dealing in signatures alone, the New York firm is a source of supply for manuscripts and historic documents of all kinds.

Currently excited about a recently acquired Lincoln thumbprint, Miss Benjamin is constantly weeding worth-while items from the mass of material she receives. "People hang onto their collections like grim death," she says.

A GRAY-HAIRED GENTLEMAN wrote in old-fashioned script: "When in the course of human events . . ."

When he had finished, an expert could hardly have discerned the difference between this version of the Declaration of Independence and the original. For Griffith T. Ellis, top chirographer, has reproduced some of the most-celebrated documents of modern times—for Warner Brothers' studio.

Luckily, 79-year-old Ellis' craft is used only in movies, for his duplication of world-famous signatures often cannot be distinguished by the subjects themselves.

Ellis points out that he has never spent a day in jail. "For forgery," he adds with a grin.

Harmony *in* leather

Superb Belts Styled of Precious Cordovan by Paris

"Tops" for your trousers

Cordovan, the aristocrat of leather, is superbly styled by "Paris"* master craftsmen. Here are belts of highly polished cordovan, long wearing, ever smart, ever new, perfect for sports or dresswear—\$3.50 and up. Other "Paris" Belts are available, too, at better men's stores everywhere—\$1.50 to \$12.50. Buy yours today.

*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.—A Product of A. Stein & Company. Chicago—New York—Los Angeles

PARIS BELTS • SUSPENDERS • GARTERS



Giant of the Storytellers

THE WRITING OF Ernest Hemingway is inextricably involved with his own life story. When he unwinds a tale of African big-game hunting, he is remembering days and nights on the Dark Continent—a time when he told an interviewer that the best way to shoot a charging lion is by sitting down: “It puts you on a level with your target.”

His terrifying portrait of the Italian Army's defeats in *A Farewell to Arms* is a vivid fragment of memory, permanently commemorated by the platinum kneecap he has worn since World War I.

Given a fishing rod at the age of two, a rifle at ten, Hemingway seemed destined to follow this pattern. As one critic said of his work: “It has hair on its chest.”

Hemingway is a big, square-featured man. His checkered experiences on five continents—dishwasher, sparring partner for a prize fighter, soldier, bullfighter (“I’m no good at it—too old and heavy”)—have all contributed to the flavor of truth in his fictional classics.

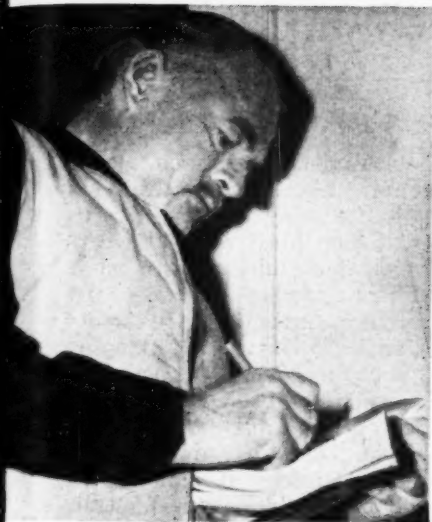
With fierce independence, Hemingway refuses to let his publishers edit or suggest changes in his work. Millions of readers wonder about the new novel on which he has been working, but when asked about it, his publishers shrug: “We don’t know. He hasn’t told us.”



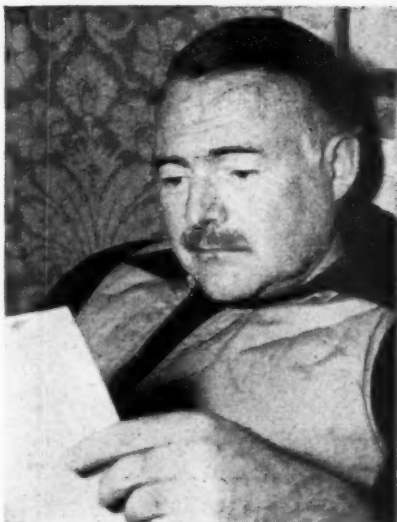
1. Ernest Hemingway, a living legend, likes to vacation in Italy, scene of some of his best writing.



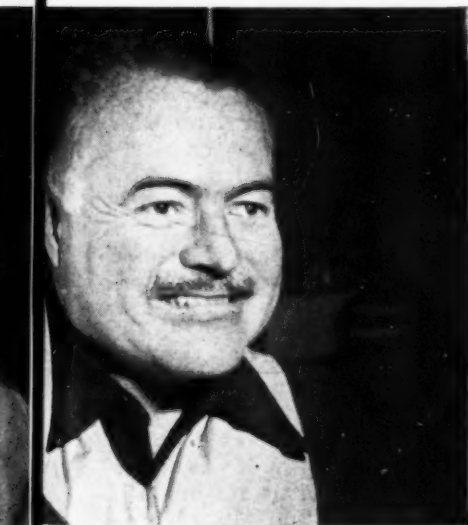
4. Hemingway's wife, Mary, is learning to know and love the country that has helped to inspire him.



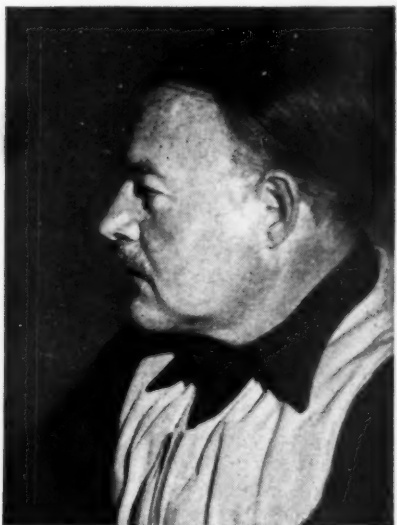
2. He writes in longhand, working from 6 A.M. to 2 P.M. Clipped, insistent prose is his trademark.



3. Once a spokesman for "The Lost Generation," Hemingway has influenced many young writers.



5. Called a 20th-century Byronic hero, Hemingway is quite superstitious, yet full of a robust earthiness.



6. Despite the vigor of his work, Hemingway is a wellspring of understanding in an age of change.

20th-Century Armorer

IN OUR FAST-PACED WORLD, armor repair, like blacksmithing, is rapidly becoming a lost art. But in a small shop lined with 400-year-old tools and cluttered with modern forges and machinery, Leonard Heinrich is surrounded by the armor and weapons used by knights and noblemen of another age.

Heinrich has been intrigued by ancient metals since he was eight years old. Then, in a small shop in Munich, Germany, he watched his grandfather weld medieval metal, re-create intricate designs, and restore long-unused helmets for Europe's greatest museums. Now, Heinrich is head armorer for the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where he has worked for 25 years.

Yet his art has also been utilized to meet the practical needs of the modern world. Besides restoring and making accurate copies of centuries-old armor plate for the Museum, Heinrich has found time to design equipment for the U. S. Army. During the war, his helmets and body armor protected America's aerial aces in the skies over Europe and the Pacific.

Once, many years ago, Heinrich was resetting the jewels on a 15th-century sword that looked, somehow, familiar. He inspected it closely, then smiled softly. It was a piece on which his grandfather had worked in the little Munich shop more than 40 years ago. Now, such occurrences are commonplace. His past is catching up with him.



LITTLE LULU

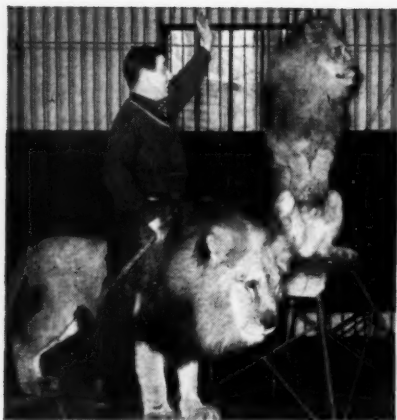


"When that big blow comes — here's the Kleenex*!"

Little Lulu says: Breeze through a cold in comfort—use Kleenex! For only Kleenex Tissues give you a perfect balance of softness and strength to soothe your nose—take the blows!

© International Cellucotton Products Co.

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

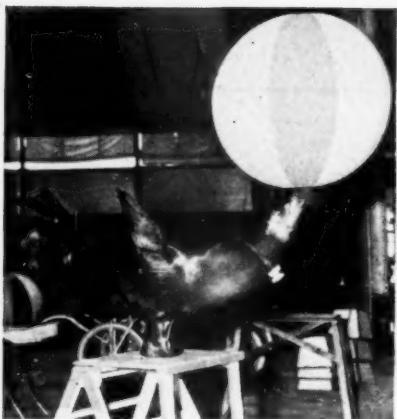


ANIMAL ANTICS

AMONG ANIMAL TRAINERS it is no joke to remark "Never put your head in a lion's mouth if he has a headache!" Big cats with indigestion can also be rebellious.



Elephants are circus favorites with customers and trainers alike. Prankish, full of moods, every herd has an undisputed queen whose scepter is a triohammer trunk. Even bull elephants obey her whims.



Seals, on the other hand, are gentle, tractable in training. A broad nose is aristocratic in sealdom. A pointed nose, highly regarded by humans, gives a seal no end of trouble when it comes to balancing a ball or performing on musical horns.



Bears, like lions, sometimes have a sense of humor. Their pride is enormous, but their enthusiasm for their own antics often requires a good stamp on their tender toes to remind them who is boss.

AVOID SCALP SCUM

IF YOU WANT HANDSOME
HEALTHY-LOOKING HAIR

UGH!

DOES GREASE COME OFF WHEN YOU TOUCH YOUR HAIR?

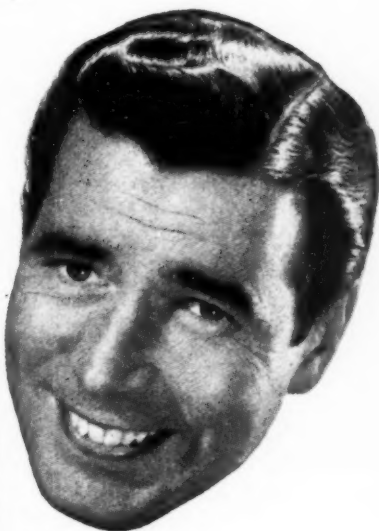
Don't plaster your hair down with greasy, sticky products which cover hair and scalp with a dirt-catching 'scum.' Use Kreml Hair Tonic! It keeps hair *so neatly groomed* yet never feels greasy. No grease comes off. Kreml never clogs the pores. Your hair and scalp always feel *so delightfully clean*.

KEEPS HAIR PERFECTLY IN PLACE WITHOUT GREASY GOO!

There's nothing better than Kreml to keep hair neatly in place, yet Kreml grooms hair so *naturally* people think that handsome lustre is your very own. It's also wonderful to remove dandruff flakes, to lubricate dry hair and dry scalp. Change to Kreml *today!*

KREML
Hair Tonic

A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.



The Dark River

SPRINGING FROM the heart of Equatorial Africa, the Congo River twists through mountain ranges, thunders over majestic waterfalls, swells into vast lakes, and finally emerges below Stanley Falls for a thousand miles of smooth, navigable water before it again breaks in cataracts at the end of its 3,000-mile journey to the sea.

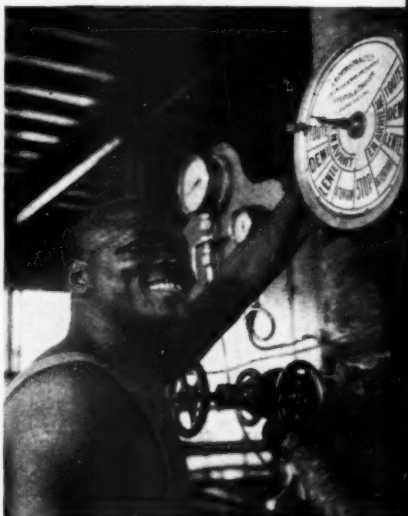
Spreading from the banks of the river is the fabulous land immortalized more than 75 years ago by H. M. Stanley in his historic search for Dr. David Livingstone. The Congo that Stanley opened to the world was a primitive land of poverty, superstition and disease. Haunted by centuries of slave-trading, its peoples were patterned by mistrust and hopelessness.

Today, fired in the traditions of Stanley and King Leopold of Belgium—after whom the capital city is named—a new Africa is rising in the Congo. Vast mineral wealth is being exploited by the most-modern methods. Steamboats and automobiles are commonplace. Up-to-date cities like Leopoldville, Stanleyville and Elizabethville hum with commerce. Hospitals and a scientific medical program have checked tropical diseases that once wiped out whole communities.

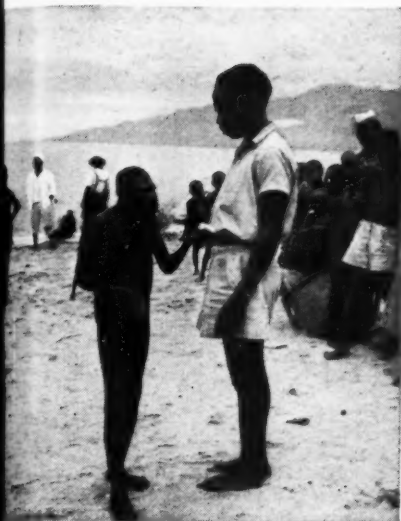
There is much yet to be done. But in this ancient tropic land, the age-old traditions are dying, and hope flows as inexhaustibly as the river, feeding the growing colossus of the Congo.



1. Fisherman and boatman still ply the river in the same craft used by their ancestors a thousand years ago.

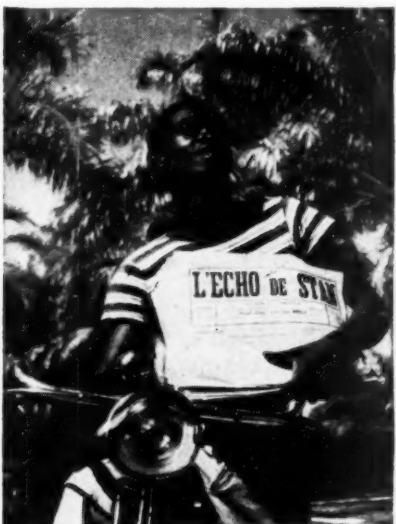


4. But the new Congo knows the throb of steamboats. Native engineers learn with amazing speed.



2. Deep in the jungles, pygmies and warlike tribes still exist. But already they are curiosities.

3. Civilization comes slowly. Weird tribal ceremonies and customs are still performed and cherished.



5. Women, too, have found a place in the industrial Congo, where their children will grow strong.

6. Machines and imagination have made a land of promise—here, tomorrow will be a better day.



Sgt. Wilburn Legree, Mich.



Officer Ernest Pressley, N. C.

Showmen for Life

"WHAT WILL A CHILD learn sooner than a song?" wrote Alexander Pope more than 200 years ago. Police Sgt. Wilburn Legree, assigned to teach traffic safety to the children of Flint, Michigan, in 1937, decided songs were still tops, and promptly began singing.

His voice and songs have made Flint's 30,000 school children traffic conscious. Today, Flint is one of America's safest cities. At gatherings throughout the state, Sergeant Legree gives old ballads new twists. *Yankee Doodle*, for example, goes like this:

When Yankee Doodle came to town
Through lane and street and byway
He looked around and up and down
Before he crossed the highway.

UNDER THE EXPERT tutelage of Police Officer Ernest Pressley, a seven-member dog team of honorary cops gives still another answer to the traffic-safety problem. The home base of the act is Charlotte, North Carolina, but children in most of the 48 states have watched the pups demonstrate how to cross streets and heed traffic lights.

The North Carolina Auto Association, sponsor of the mobile show, has been swelled in membership and popularity by the canine magic.

In a happy combination of balancing acts and lectures, Officer Pressley and his companions have reaffirmed Shakespeare's adage: "Let Hercules himself do what he may . . . the dog will have his day."

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Left, Carl Brandenfels before using his home course.
Above, Carl as he looks today.

Thousands ask . . .

WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT BALDNESS?

CARL BRANDENFELS of St. Helens, Ore., has received 12,438 letters of praise for his world-famous formulas and massage.

If you are losing or have lost your hair, Carl Brandenfels challenges you to read his story. It is of vital interest to you!

SEARCH BEGAN IN 1930

Brandenfels began his search for the cure of baldness in 1930 while he was a student at the University of Nebraska. In 1945, he developed his two secret formulas and his pressure massage. He became world-famous overnight, and today thousands of men and women have thoroughly tested his home course by actual use. The results speak for themselves!

12,438 TESTIMONIALS

Men and women in all walks of life praise Brandenfels' SCALP AND HAIR APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE. Carl has results from folks in their eighties . . . and from a girl seven years old! From men and women who were completely bald . . . and from just beginning to notice loss of hair. Certified count, Carl Brandenfels has received 12,438 letters from users who report from all of the following results after using Brandenfels' SCALP AND HAIR APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE:

- Renewed Hair Growth
- No More Excessive Falling Hair
- Relief From Dandruff Scale
- Improved Scalp Condition



After
After
After
Seebower, Portland, Ore., after using and as he looks today. O. K. Nulton, Wn.: "My hair was falling rapidly; my head is almost covered with hair." Jones, St. Helens, Ore.: "Lost the front third of my head; now this almost covered with light, fine hair."

NOW! MAIL TODAY

PRINCIPLES OF HAIR GROWTH

Scientists state that hair will continue to grow as long as the hair follicle remains undamaged and as long as nothing interferes with the blood supply to the scalp. Carl Brandenfels believes that in many bald or partially bald people, the hair follicles are still alive even though no hair is growing from them. He believes that proper use of his formulas and massage will, in many cases, bring about a condition which will help nature ALLOW HAIR TO GROW.

CONVENIENT HOME COURSE

One of Carl's secret formulas contains, among other ingredients, the important agent lanolin. The other contains a small percentage of sulfanilamide. Carl's formulas are not sticky and will not rub off on hat bands, clothing or bed linens. Directions are easy to follow in the privacy of your own home.

Carl Brandenfels does not guarantee to promote new hair growth, because he realizes that not every user has grown new hair. He does not classify his home course with the so-called "hair growers." Carl does point with pride to his thousands of letters from satisfied users. He does sincerely believe that proper use of his home course will, in many cases, bring about a condition which will help nature allow hair to grow.

ARE YOU LOSING YOUR HAIR?

Send Today for This 5-Week Home Course

CARL BRANDENFELS, St. Helens, Oregon

C-49

Please send me—in a plain wrapper—a 5-week supply of Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage with directions for use in my own home.

- ☐ Cash—I enclose \$15 plus 20% Fed. Tax (\$3), total \$18. (Will be shipped prepaid.)
- ☐ C. O. D.—I agree to pay postman \$18 plus postal charges.

Name

Address

Town Zone State

Cash orders will be shipped immediately, postpaid. C. O. D. orders will be filled as rapidly as the formulas become available.

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY.



Prof. Agnes Abbot



Craftsman Julius Rasmussen

Picture Patterns

FOR GENERATIONS, mosaic art has evoked admiration from all who gazed on its soft lights and subtle shadows. Today, the medieval craft is being taught to students at Wellesley College, in Massachusetts, by Prof. Agnes Abbot. "Mosaic work is a race against time," she says. "Each cube must fit into place before the plaster cast dries."

Methods of fifth-century artists are still used. Even the tiny tiles are imported from Italy, carved there by descendants of the craftsmen of 15 centuries ago.

LIKE MOSAICS, stained-glass windows are enjoying a renaissance, and today the U. S. is the center of the almost-forgotten art.

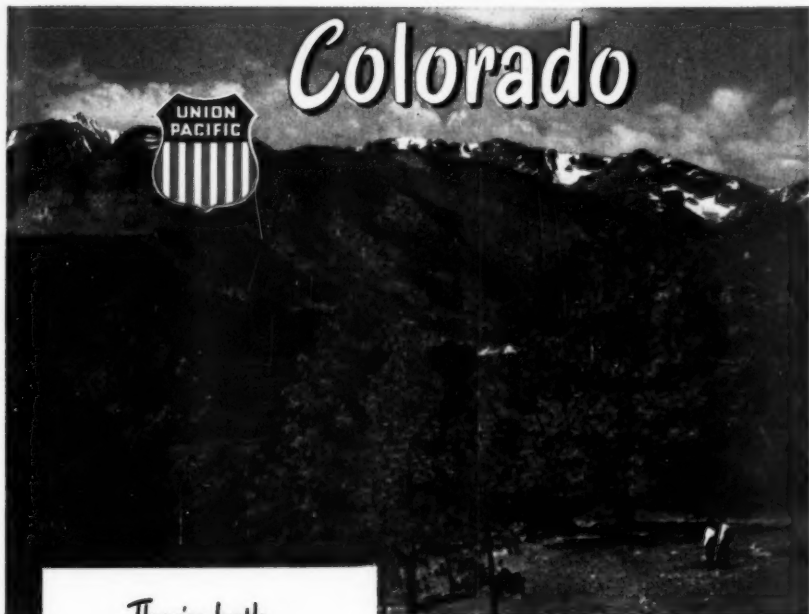
Stained-glass work begins with a full-scale drawing of the window. Then a paper pattern is cut for each piece. Cemented lead strips join the diamond-cut glass pieces, then silver stain is fused on them and the window is finished.

Here, master craftsman Julius Rasmussen makes the pattern for a classic window that will lend warmth and beauty to a house of God.

CREDITS

Photos: 6, Constance Bannister; 8-9, John Sherdon; 10, Dick Schwartz from Cedar Rapids Gazette, Wide World Photo; 12-13, Vandamm, Peter Perri from Celebrity Service and Alfredo Valente from Celebrity Service; 14, Wallace Litwin, Graphic House; 16-17, Graphic House; 18, International News Photos; 20, Black Star, Frederic Lewis; 22-23, Lennart Nilsson from Black Star; 24, Sgt. Wilburn Legree, Graphic House; 26, International News Photos, Graphic House; 27a, Warner Bros., M-G-M.

Colorado



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The fast, smooth-running "City of Denver" provides overnight service *every night* between Chicago and Denver. The Streamliner "City of St. Louis" offers like service between St. Louis-Kansas City and Denver. You'll enjoy restful Club cars . . . delightful dining car meals . . . and a sound sleep.

Arriving at Denver, you'll be completely refreshed . . . eager to heed the call of rugged mountains and sparkling lakes.

The "City of Denver" and "City of St. Louis" carry both Pullman and Coach passengers. All Coach Seats reserved.



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Ray Bolger and June Haver



Gene Kelly and Vera-Ellen

Comic-Caper Cutters

ON A WARNER BROTHERS' set, where he recently completed *Look for the Silver Lining* with June Haver (above), Ray Bolger stopped two men who were nailing scenery during a rehearsal. "Would you mind hammering in tempo?" he quipped.

For tempo is the story of Ray's life. Having seen him, it is easy to conjure up a vision of the man acclaimed as the greatest satiric dancer of his day: one-tenth body and nine-tenths flashing legs.

Ray, who took up dancing because he was a washout at school proms, reached stardom via vaudeville, Broadway and Hollywood. His advice to neophytes is the essence of simplicity. "If you can walk," Ray says, "you can dance."

WHIRLING THROUGH a violent burlesque of a barroom brawl, Gene Kelly and Vera-Ellen (above) re-create *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue* in the M-G-M film, *Words and Music*.

Gene, who adopted the Apache fantasy for films, didn't always think of dancing as a career. To earn extra money while he was studying law, he opened a small dancing school and soon hired his mother as business manager. Gene was in dancing to stay.

But New York beckoned him. There, pleasant, easygoing Gene landed a plum—the title role in *Pal Joey*. Hollywood studios scrambled to sign him up, and Gene was on his way to becoming one of the creative forces of modern dancing.

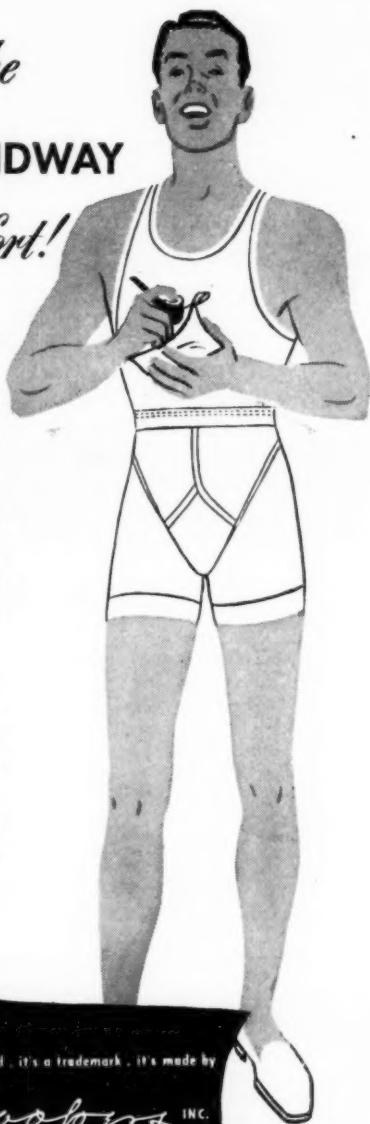
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De Luxe Jockey MIDWAY
for unequalled comfort!

The finest of fine—that's Jockey Midway, De Luxe.

Made of top-quality Durene* yarn, Jockey Midway, De Luxe, is unequalled for everyday comfort...softer, smoother, longer wearing. More absorbent, too. And it has all those special Jockey features—famous Y-Front no-gap opening, protective cradled pouch, smooth seams, long-lasting waistband—that give you real he-man comfort.

Ask your Jockey dealer for the two-piece underwear that gives you luxurious comfort and trimness. De Luxe Jockey is also available in brief style, ideal for active sport. Ask, too, for Jockey Contoured Shirts to match. Remember, if you prefer one-piece underwear comfort, there's Jockey Singleton.

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IT WILL be a glorious day when you get your new white-enameled steel Youngstown Kitchen.

You'll love the super storage space—the generous work surfaces. Your Kitchen-aider cabinet sink (66" twin-bowl model shown) will speed you through dishes, make food preparation faster and easier. And Youngstown—the kitchen leader—

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DOORWAY TO ANOTHER WORLD

by NATALIE KALMUS

"DON'T WORRY, BUT come to me as soon as you can."

That was the message I received by cable from my sister, Eleanor Smith. At the time I was in London working out Technicolor problems with one of the British motion-picture companies.

I felt a deep, numbing pang. I knew Eleanor had been ill for some time. Surely this was my sister's gentle way of telling me that the end was near.

I could not picture such a tragedy. Always radiating charm, friendliness and an inner happiness, Eleanor had been a wonderful inspiration to those close to her. She had that rare trait of always giving others a pat on the back, lifting

their spirits and sending them off with a fresh outlook on life.

When first stricken by the most fearsome of medical enemies, the doctors had told her that her days were numbered. Knowing this had not made the slightest difference in her warm interest in people—nor in her deep abiding faith in God.

Now she needed me. I returned to the United States and hurried to Eleanor, expecting to find her in bed in great pain. Instead, she was in the living room perched jauntily on the sofa, looking more like a schoolgirl of 17 than an incurably ill woman.

"Natalie," she held out her arms joyously, "I'm so happy now that you're here. We have so much to

talk over." To anyone listening, I might have dropped in to pay a casual call.

Later, after Eleanor had retired for the night, the doctor drew me aside. "Mrs. Kalmus," he said, "I think that it will be a most trying experience if you stay here to the end. I'm afraid that your sister's last hours will be an agony of pain."

Medically I knew he was right. Yet the exquisite radiance I had seen in my sister's face seemed somehow to refute the doctor's statement. The strange conviction swept over me that the strength of my sister's spirit could well triumph over her pain.

During the next few days I discovered that Eleanor was doing many things to baffle the doctors. They were preparing her for some grim final moments. She was ignoring their solemn suggestions and remedies. One night she had me sit on the side of her bed.

"Natalie, promise that you won't let them give me any drugs. I realize they are trying to help relieve my pain, but I want to be fully aware of every sensation. I am convinced that death will be a beautiful experience."

I promised. Alone later, I wept,

In 1917, the movie industry was introduced to the revolutionary technique of making movies in color. A pioneer in this new field was Natalie Kalmus, who helped to found and organize the Technicolor Motion Picture Corporation. Since then, Mrs. Kalmus has assisted in the production of many of Hollywood's most-notable films. Until recently she was director of color for all movies produced by the corporation in the United States and foreign countries.

thinking of her courage. Then, as I tossed in bed throughout the night, I realized that what I looked upon as a calamity, my sister intended to be a triumph.

One afternoon, Eleanor, in the most-lighthearted manner, asked several friends to a dinner party which she had planned on the spur of the moment. I was stunned. But Eleanor grinned impishly. The sight of the happiness on her face checked my objections.

On the night of the party, Eleanor dressed meticulously, concealing the pain I knew she felt. We helped her downstairs before the guests arrived. Sitting in a turquoise chair in her yellow evening gown, she sparkled with life and gaiety. Again I noticed the school-girl look on her face.

The party was a grand success; the guests were never once aware of the illness which my sister concealed so superbly. That night, however, when she was carried to bed, deep physical weariness appeared on the surface. Then I realized that Eleanor knew this was her last social fling. She had planned it that way.

Ten days later the final hour drew near. I had been at her bedside for hours. We had talked about many things, and always I marveled at her quiet confidence in eternal life. Not once did physical torture overcome her spiritual strength. This was something that the doctors simply hadn't taken into account.

"Dear kind God, keep my mind clear and give me peace," she murmured over and over again during those last days.

We had talked so long that I

noticed she was drifting off to sleep. I left her quietly with the nurse and retired to get some rest myself. A few minutes later I heard my sister's voice calling me. Quickly I returned to her room. I looked at her, and knew instinctively that she was dying.

I sat on her bed and took her hand. It was on fire. Then Eleanor seemed to rise up in bed, almost to a sitting position.

"Natalie," she said, "there are so many of them. There's Fred . . . and Ruth—what's she doing here? Oh, I know!"

An electric shock went through me. She had said Ruth! Ruth was her cousin who had died suddenly the week before. But I knew that Eleanor had not been told of the sudden death.

Chill after chill shot up and down my spine. I felt on the verge of some powerful, almost-frightening knowledge. She had murmured Ruth's name.

Her voice was surprisingly clear. "It's so confusing. There are so many of them!" Suddenly her arms stretched out happily. "I'm going up," she murmured.

Then she dropped her arms around my neck—and relaxed in my embrace. The will of her spirit had turned final agony into rapture.

As I rested her head back on the pillow, there was a warm, peaceful smile on her face. Her golden-brown hair lay carelessly on the pillow. I took a white flower from the vase and placed it in her hair. With her petite figure, her wavy hair, the white flower and the soft smile, she looked once more—and permanently—just like a schoolgirl.

Never again will death have the power to frighten me in any way. This was my sister's legacy to me—her final, beautiful gift. I had seen for myself how thin was the curtain between life and death. I had glimpsed part of the wonderful truth about everlasting life.

The General



Found Out

AN AMERICAN GENERAL, attending an official dinner in London, found himself seated next to a Chinese. Figuring the man knew little or no English, the general gave all his attention to the man on his right. He felt, though, that he should give the Chinese some attention, so after the soup plates had been removed he turned to him and asked, "Likee soupee?" The man seemed startled at first, but smiled and nodded. Nothing more was said.

After dessert and coffee, the officer suddenly became aware of the fact that his Chinese neighbor was standing and speaking brilliantly in perfect English. The American general fidgeted most uncomfortably for the full ten-minute speech.

As he sat down, Dr. V. K. Wellington Koo, the Chinese Ambassador and a graduate of Columbia University, turned to the general and asked with justifiable sarcasm, "Likee speechee?"

—From *The Joke Teller's Joke Book*, published by CIRCLE BOOKS

It Still Pays to Be a Newsboy



by CAROL LYNN GILMER

DISASTER SWOOPED DOWN out of turbulent Oklahoma skies on an April day in 1945—disaster in one of its most-terrifying forms, a death-dealing tornado.

The mighty windstorm bounded across half the state in an afternoon, striking a dozen towns. It leveled a few houses here, uprooted a school building there, ripped through acres of rolling farm lands. Trees, roof tops, furniture and debris hurtled through the air, along with the bodies of men and animals.

Hardest hit of all was the little Kiamichi Mountain town of Ant-

There's no better school for developing leaders; and many a carrier has risen to great heights of heroism in an emergency

lers, in the southeastern corner of the state. Sixty-three of its 3,000 inhabitants were killed and hundreds injured as the tornado razed more than 500 homes and left the business district a shambles.

But wherever disaster strikes, it finds its match in the heroism of those who face it calmly and courageously. There are many people in Antlers today who will tell you that one of the real heroes of the tornado was a 14-year-old newspaper boy named Ronald Holton.

It was late afternoon when the tornado hit. The town's power plant

had been demolished and oncoming darkness would hinder the task of saving those who were trapped.

Calls for help had gone out, and soldiers arrived from near-by Camp Maxey in Texas to aid in rescue work. Then it was that freckle-faced Ronnie stepped forward and volunteered to act as the rescuers' guide. The littered streets were familiar territory to him, for he had been delivering copies of the *Daily Oklahoman* up and down those blocks for many months.

Today, John Ussery, local merchant who was in charge of rescue operations, recalls the part Ronald played on that fearful night. "He stayed on the job from midnight to late morning, taking his place among the soldiers and doing a man's work," says Ussery. "Ronnie knew every nook and cranny of the town. He was responsible for saving the lives of several people who might not have been found without his leadership."

That April night in 1945, Ronnie Holton gave a spectacular demonstration of the dependability, resourcefulness and leadership that characterize more than 500,000 newspaper boys throughout the United States. These youths, most of them between 12 and 18, daily distribute 50,000,000 copies of the nation's newspapers to subscribers' homes or sell them on street corners. Together they make up a group which has been called "America's smallest businessmen."

Your newspaper boy does a great deal more than just toss papers on porches. He also delivers a daily lesson in enterprise, initiative, self-reliance and thrift—the qualities that have made America great. And

in a surprising number of cases, he proves, as Ronnie Holton did, that his training in accepting responsibility pays off in an emergency.

Again and again, these young businessmen have turned hero on a moment's notice. They have fought fires, prevented accidents, saved others from drowning—all in the course of their daily rounds.

One Saturday morning in September, 1946, Nicholas Caputo, 16-year-old son of a Pennsylvania miner, was making weekly collections for the Hazleton *Plain-Speaker*. In an apartment house, he received no answer when he knocked at the door of a flat occupied by a young Marine veteran. Caputo then noticed the odor of escaping gas.

Calling a neighbor to help, Nicholas climbed over the transom and found the veteran lying near the stove in a gas-filled kitchen. In danger of being overcome himself, Caputo shut off the stove, opened windows and rushed to call police.

Although the veteran died, the newspaper boy averted possible tragedy for other occupants of the building who might have been victims of an explosion. For his heroism, young Caputo received the Distinguished Junior Citizenship Citation of the Inter-State Circulation Managers Association.

Another Pennsylvania newspaper boy received the same award for saving two smaller lads from drowning. While delivering papers on a chilly December day in 1947, 12-year-old Earl Conrad, carrier for the Wilkes-Barre *Evening News*, heard cries for help coming from an ice-covered pond. Two brothers, aged seven and eight, had ventured too far out. Numbed by cold, the

youngsters were unable to pull themselves back to safety.

Earl inched cautiously out to the break in the ice and helped both boys from the water. Then he calmly continued on his delivery route.

NEWSPAPER BOYS are often Johnny-on-the-spot when accidents occur in homes. There was 13-year-old Chuck Meuter, quick-thinking delivery boy for the *Post-Enquirer* in Oakland, California, who saw the Christmas tree in one of his customer's homes burst into flame and set the living room ablaze. When the owner ran to the street to call for help, help was already on the way, for Chuck had grabbed a bucket and filled it with water. The blaze was under control before firemen arrived.

Not long ago, in Birmingham, Alabama, a housewife fell on a freshly waxed floor, fracturing her hip. Alone and unable to move, she lay on the floor in pain for what seemed hours. Then she heard her newspaper boy, Stanley Powell, delivering her copy of the *Birmingham News*. She screamed to attract his attention, and Stanley came in, covered her with blankets, summoned a physician and stayed until the doctor arrived.

Courage, heroism and quick thinking in an emergency, however, are only incidental by-products of a newspaper-boy's training. So great is the character-building influence of this part-time work that a newspaper route is traditionally regarded as the ideal preparation for a fruitful adult life.

Over the years, many a famous American has served as a paper carrier or sold newspapers on street

corners, including such great names as Thomas A. Edison, Henry Ford, Al Smith, Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower and Herbert Hoover.

A list of today's prominent men who were once newspaper boys would include leaders in nearly every field—Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson and Justice William O. Douglas of the U. S. Supreme Court; Governors Thomas E. Dewey and Earl Warren; Attorney-General Tom C. Clark; entertainers Bing Crosby, Bob Hope and James Cagney; industrialists Charles Luckman, president of Lever Brothers, and Leroy A. Wilson, vice-president of A.T.&T.; Senators Wayne Morse of Oregon and Robert F. Wagner of New York.

But it is not tradition alone which underwrites a promising future for today's newspaper boy. A more important factor is his opportunity for learning how to get along with others. Young Ervin Deal of Lincoln, Nebraska, carrier for the *Journal*, explains that a newspaper-boy's work completely changes his relationship to his world and the people in it.

"Your neighbors are no longer just people you like, dislike or ignore," says Ervin, "but customers you must understand and deal with. Your schoolmates become business partners, helpers and competitors, and this requires a new approach, even in playground tactics. Parents assume added importance as they become financial and business advisers. And you soon learn that other people treat you just about the way you treat them."

The newspaper boy learns good business methods, too. Some 97 per cent of America's carriers are inde-

pendent merchants. They are in business for themselves and are compensated by the profits they make from buying their papers wholesale and selling them retail. This plan, used by almost all newspapers today, is known as the Little Merchant system. It teaches youngsters the importance of doing their jobs well, pleasing customers, and using initiative to build up routes.

The plan also offers opportunity for advancement. In making distributions, many newspapers use a branch operation—papers are delivered to neighborhood substations where route boys pick up bundles for delivery. District managers, who are the boys' adult supervisors, usually select older and more-experienced youths as branch captains. Thus the boys can become "junior executives" and regular employees of the newspapers.

Much credit for the boys' achievements must go to the newspapers themselves, for under the leadership of the International Circulation Managers Association, publications for years have offered special programs for delivery boys, aimed at encouraging thrift, building character and instilling a sense of responsibility. Many papers sponsor athletic programs to provide organized recreation. A number offer scholarships to carriers for outstanding achievements in school as well as on their routes.

Savings programs, and especially the Thrift Clubs for newspaper boys sponsored jointly by newspapers and the U. S. Treasury, have been most effective among these young businessmen. The boys invest in

savings bonds and life insurance, and maintain surprisingly large savings accounts—usually with the idea of going to college or having a nest egg to get started in the adult business world.

Furthermore, newspaper boys are a civic-minded lot. This was clearly demonstrated during the war, when the youngsters took on an additional job—selling war savings stamps. The plan originated in Philadelphia, where 4,500 *Evening Bulletin* carriers pioneered the program of door-to-door selling as "U. S. Defense Agents." The rise in stamp sales was so great that Treasury representatives invited H. W. Stodghill, business manager of the *Bulletin*, to

conduct a national program along the same lines. In all, 939 newspapers and more than 300,000 newspaper boys participated—the first group to deliver the War Savings program to the doorsteps of America's homes. And they sold a staggering total of \$179,613,393.30 worth of ten-cent stamps.

Newspaper boys have done their bit for other worthy causes, too. In California, for example, carriers for 49 papers cooperated in the United Nations' Appeal for Children, and distributed millions of leaflets explaining this phase of American Overseas Aid.

In Spokane, Washington, the 525 *Daily Chronicle* carriers distributed literature urging purchase of bonds for the government's Security Loan campaign.

The spirit of service which engenders such activities is not forgotten or discarded when the newspaper boys become adult members



of their communities. Striking proof of this is offered by Detroit's Goodfellows Christmas fund, which gives aid to needy children. It began during the Christmas season of 1914, when Burt Thomas, cartoonist for the *News*, penned a drawing entitled, "The Boy He Used To Be," depicting a well-dressed man, laden with Christmas bundles, holding the hand of a newspaper boy.

The late James J. Brady, then Detroit's collector of internal revenue, saw the picture and, recalling his own years as a carrier, was deeply stirred. He called together some friends, also former newspaper boys, and they hit upon a plan. Why not, just for a day, return to their old job of selling papers? They would ask Detroit citizens to pay whatever they could—a dime, a dollar, a hundred dollars. The proceeds would be used to bring a merry Christmas to the homes of needy children.

So successful was the first campaign that it became an annual project. The plan was originally sponsored by the *News*, but soon was taken over by the Goodfellows group on a permanent basis, and Goodfellow Day has become a familiar feature of Detroit's Christmas season.

Through the years, the Goodfellows have collected more than \$3,500,000, which has been used to buy not only toys, books and games, but also such essentials as shoes and clothing for more than 1,000,000 Detroit youngsters.

Here, then, is demonstrated the very core of a newspaper-boy's ideal of service to his community—an ideal he carries throughout life. No wonder Mayor Van Antwerp, in praising the Goodfellows' work, says, "We need more of the old newspaper-boys' spirit, not only at Christmas time but all the time—not only in Detroit but everywhere."



The School Brigade

ALARMED BECAUSE HER DAUGHTER kept blinking her eyes all the time, Mrs. Brown took the child to an eye doctor. He could find nothing wrong. Then the mother started for a psychiatrist's office, when the child suddenly burst into song with words she had been saying under her breath for days: "The old brown bear went 'Wink, wink, wink' and the old gray mare went 'blink, blink, blink.'" —MARY LOU WIMMER



MOTHER WAS HAVING a hard time persuading her six-year-old daughter that a bath was healthful. Finally, she decided to appeal to the young lady's vanity.

"A daily bath will give you a beautiful figure," she coaxed. Then, noticing the little girl's skeptical look, she asked: "Don't you believe me?"

"Yes," the little lady promptly answered. "Only, Mother, have you taken a good look at a duck lately?"

—Successful Farming



Human Destiny Is Paging Truman!

History has thrust upon him the superhuman task of saving mankind from disaster

by EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

LAST NOVEMBER, in the most-startling election finish in American history, Harry S. Truman re-established himself for four years in the American Presidency. By so doing, he voluntarily shouldered the heaviest political burden that has ever lain upon any human being—namely, the saving of mankind from catastrophe.

This sounds like tall talk, and if I had written it before the election, it might have been taken for campaign eloquence. Actually, it is probably understatement.

Those few individuals in Washington who really comprehend the present peril to the U.S. are not saying much about it, for they have an aversion to fancy statements. But they welcome anything that may help to make the Amer-

ican people aware of their own co-responsibility for aiding the President in saving the nation and saving the human race. This is the double burden that makes Truman's task greater than that of any previous President of the United States.

Most people, I suppose, would agree that of the 32 men who have sat in the White House, three have carried the heaviest burdens—George Washington, who launched the Union; Abraham Lincoln, who preserved the Union; and Franklin Roosevelt, who preserved the United States and human freedom.

Nobody can exaggerate the magnitude of these tasks. Yet, great as they were, they were still small in comparison to the task that now faces the fighting Democrat from Missouri.

As general of the Continental Army, Washington had to free the

13 Colonies; as President, he had to launch the 13 States as a nation. Had he failed in war, what is now the U.S. would presumably be part of the British Commonwealth. That to us would be undesirable, but certainly not catastrophic.

If Washington had failed as first President, if, for instance, he had leaned too much toward monarchy, there were about him great republicans like Thomas Jefferson and James Madison who would have rescued the nation. Our country would, in all likelihood, have developed much as it did.

Lincoln's task—preserving the Union—was vital. Yet had he failed—if what is now the U.S. had developed as two separate countries—still freedom and self-government would probably flourish. For it is conceivable that the shock of cutting America in two would have induced a victorious South to reconsider the contentious issues and seek a compromise.

Roosevelt's greatest tasks were, first, restoring the economic confidence of a people dazed by depression; then, preventing Nazi Germany from ruling the world. Had he failed in the first objective the American people would have had a tough time. Yet, given their enormous resources, they would eventually have worked themselves out of the trough.

Had Roosevelt failed to stop Hitler, most of the world, including the U.S., would now be a place of shame and horror. Teutonic supermen would be swaggering about, scientifically eliminating those peoples that they did not think it worth while to preserve as slaves of the Nazis. Even total destruction might

have seemed preferable to this—but for one factor.

All the Germans in the world combined did not amount to five per cent of mankind. By themselves, they were too few to rule. Within a reasonable time, the subjugated peoples would have rebelled against the arrogant *Herrenvolk* and cut them down to size. Therefore, failure by Roosevelt would not have meant long-term darkness over the human race.

Truman's failure, however, would mean just that. History has made him the champion of human freedom. It has also made him the protector of Western civilization. If he fails, both freedom and civilization will vanish—for a long, long time.

WHAT ARE THE VITAL TASKS that face Truman today? The first is protecting the economic health of the U.S., which means avoiding any crippling depression. Our great adversary, the Soviet Union, is counting upon another American depression to force us back into isolationism and to pull us out of Europe and Asia. Our withdrawal would leave vacuums in a dozen spots, into which the Soviets would then move with speed and skill.

Therefore, America must avoid the depression Stalin is waiting for. Therefore, too, the dismay of farsighted Americans over the Administration's relative complacency toward postwar inflation. Preventing or cushioning a depression is the President's No. 1 task.

The next immediate task is the protection of the world's free areas from political or ideological encroachment by Russia. The Soviet Union is as totalitarian as Nazi

Germany, physically almost as strong and ideologically much more powerful. Since it appeals to malcontents in every country and permits them to share authority with Russians, it can count upon staunch allies all over the world—as Hitler could not.

The Soviet's ideological appeal is as perilous to us as is its military threat. Both must be stopped if the U.S. and humanity are not to forfeit their freedom.

After hesitating for two years, the President got started with his proclamation of the Truman Doctrine on March 12, 1947. Then he secured support for giving economic and military aid to Greece and Turkey. He also laid the basis for the vast economic aid to free Europe, set forth the following June in the Marshall Plan. He justified American interest in the Middle East. He committed himself to stem the advance of Communism in Asia.

Later he instigated a North Atlantic military alliance between the U.S. and Canada on the one hand and five European countries—the United Kingdom, France, Belgium, the Netherlands and Luxembourg—on the other. Many Americans hope the Alliance will be the prelude to a really united Europe of two or three hundred million people. Such a development would stop Soviet imperial ambitions.

There can, therefore, be no doubt but that Truman is aware of his historical task of saving the free world from totalitarian conquest. But in carrying it out, the President has hesitated.

According to his speech at Berke-

ley, California, on June 12, 1948, he believes that what the world needs to regain security is “an end to Soviet obstruction and aggression.” So far, so good. But suppose that what is wrong with the contemporary world is not only Soviet imperialism but the failure of certain political institutions to meet the needs of the age? Suppose that the existing system of sovereign states is obsolete?



The present policy of “containment” is unlikely to provoke a new war. Russia is not ready for such a war, and the U.S. abhors the idea. Yet most Americans are ready to accept even another world war if nothing else can preserve their freedom.

However, the kind of war that faces us in the atomic age is so awful that civilization might well not survive it. It is equally unlikely that freedom in the U.S. can survive a 20-year armament race, with its inevitable increase of regimentation and imposed “discipline” on our people.

Finally, it is certain that the possibility of war will prevent realization, at least for a long time, of those major economic reforms which seem to many people to be the chief need of the age. Even the present American policy of “containing” Soviet imperialism may, if it drags on too long, reduce our living standards.

HERE, THEN, APPEAR the superhuman dimensions of the President's final job. This task, greater than either of the other two (though dependent upon their success), is the elimination of international

war; yet on this score, Truman has made haste all too slowly.

The President has exalted peace and condemned war. He has exhorted peoples to live as good neighbors. He has done what no other head of a Great Power has ever done before—namely, offered to give up the use of an all-powerful weapon, the atom bomb, while it is still an American monopoly.

In the diplomatic field, he continued for two years the Roosevelt policy of trying to buy the friendship of the Soviet Union at almost any price. Not long ago, he told me personally that the U.S. had thrice sought in 1945 to reach a full understanding with Stalin—once through Roosevelt at Yalta in February; once through Truman himself at Potsdam in August; and finally through Secretary of State Byrnes at Moscow in December. All three efforts failed.

Nonetheless, in October, 1948, Truman proposed sending Chief Justice Vinson to Moscow in order to have still one more talk with the devious, pact-breaking head of the Soviet Empire.

Remembering these unsuccessful efforts, Truman may well resent the charge that he has not energetically sought the permanent elimination of war. What more could he have done? The answer is, he should have shifted his offers to the right field.

That place, millions of Americans believe, is not the field of sentiment, for Stalin is the advocate of an impersonal doctrine that denies the relevancy of human feelings. The right place is not traditional diplomacy, for the rocky road of history is littered with the wrecks of broken

treaties. The right place is not within an international organization like the United Nations today, for no grouping of "equal and sovereign nations" can go any further than diplomacy.

The elimination of war, millions of human beings throughout the world are now convinced, can be brought about only by the constitution of a superforce capable of preventing all aggression on this planet. Such a force can be of two sorts—imposed, as Hitler tried and as the Soviet Union is trying; or voluntary. In which case it must take the form of federation.

It is only along these lines that the elimination of war can be successfully sought. Yet only in two instances has Truman sought to limit that full-fledged national sovereignty whose essence is the right of any state to make war when and how it chooses.

The first was when he authorized the trial of German and Japanese war criminals *as wagers of aggressive war*. The very charge implied that he believes in the existence of an authority above the individual nation. The second was when he backed Bernard Baruch in offering to put world control of atomic energy into the hands of one international body, independent of national governments.

These were two steps in the right direction. Yet efforts to persuade the President to go further have met a blank wall.

We Americans expect our President to do more than keep the nation economically sound and politically free. We expect him to dispel the inner misgivings, the dark apprehensions, that are rendering

all human life uneasy. In short, we want peace and the certainty of peace. We know—as he must—that although diplomacy and scientific armaments may enable us to win the next war, they cannot in the nature of things permanently prevent it.

Some time still remains—though ever less. Truman's second term has just begun, and he is in a far stronger position now than before to take bold measures. He can grow and perceive what history and his countrymen expect of him. He can tackle the greatest problem of all—and best it!

Here, it seems to me, is an opportunity and a duty for all citizens. We Americans have, during World War II and since, shown our political maturity by rallying to a bipartisan foreign policy. I think we realize that our security depends upon our continuing to do so. We can, however, do more.

While supporting Truman's efforts to protect our economic health and world liberty, we can urge him to go further. We can remind him that he is the leader of the human race in its efforts to cast off the nightmare of atomic war. He may not be able to complete this great task—but at least he can take the first steps in the right direction, patiently but boldly.

The President may well groan at this point—if he ever reads these pages. He may answer that keeping America sound and stopping Russia are more than have ever been asked of any other President.

True—but it is not the American people alone who are asking him to take the first decisive steps toward eliminating war. Today, the whole free world has given leadership to the United States. That is why we can say, with full justice, that human destiny is paging President Truman!

Correspondence Course



THE POSTMASTER OF a large Eastern city received this letter from a citizen who evidently is a member of a Lonely Hearts club:

"Dear Sir: I have been writing to a lady on the west side of town whom I have never met and I am enclosing her address. Maybe the mailman on her route could take a good look at her and tell me what he thinks. I may want to marry her. Yours truly."

—Capper's Weekly

A HOLLYWOOD DENTIST wrote a famed film star the following note the other day:

"Dear _____: Unless the denture I made for you is paid for without delay, I shall be obliged to insert the following advertisement in the Hollywood Reporter: 'Excellent set of false teeth for sale. Can be seen any time at the residence of Miss _____, _____ N. Palm Drive.'"

The dentist received his money the next day.

—Tales of Hoffman



"The Scourge of Chicago's Hoodlums"

by WILLIAM J. SLOCUM

Frank Pape sings tenor and dresses like a fashion plate, but he's a deadly man who takes no back talk from criminals

THE TOUGHEST GUY in Chicago sings tenor. He also dresses like a college student and frets because his children read Dick Tracy. He is Detective Sergeant Frank Pape, whom local papers call "the scourge of Chicago's hoodlums."

The "scourge" is 39 and looks like a non-dissipating crooner. His eyes are soft and gentle, and he raises his voice only in the course of headlong attacks on *When Irish Eyes Are Smiling*, which he sings on key. This miracle of amateur musicianship is only one of the talents of this extraordinary young officer. He also flies a plane, shoots golf in the low 80s and swims five miles at a clip.

In his professional capacity as a

member of the Police Department's crack Robbery Detail, Pape has shot ten criminals, killing four. He has picked up 22 departmental citations, four Chicago Crime Commission letters of approbation and two cash awards for heroism from Chicago newspapers. The city grants awards ranging upward from \$60 for unusual police heroism, with the proviso that no officer can collect more than \$300 annually. Sergeant Pape has collected \$300 in each of the last nine years.

"I never started a fight in my life," Pape explains, "but I'm not going to take lip from any hoodlum. Why should I? I represent the City of Chicago—and Chicago stopped taking orders from gangsters a long time ago."

When Pape picks up Matt Capone of the noted Chicago family or any other of the "Syndicate's"

prima donnas, the shrill screams of high-priced lawyers can be heard as far away as the State Penitentiary. These wails have no more effect on Pape than did the moaning of counsel for that historic old larcenist, "Bugs" Moran, who happened to fall across Pape's line of vision one day and wound up at Police Headquarters.

Pape had been on the police force ten years before he killed a criminal, and then only after he had seen his partner, Morris Friedman, murdered in a street gun fight. Friedman was killed in June, 1945, and three months later Pape sent his first hood to the morgue. Then he sent two more.

Pape and his partners, Rudy Friedl and John Moss, chased a car into an alley where it crashed. Five thugs poured out of the automobile, shooting. Pape killed two and his partners wounded two. The fifth was found cowering under the wrecked car.

On the snowy night of December 13, 1947, Chicago had its cruelest gang slaying since the St. Valentine's Day massacre of 1929. First news of the murder orgy came when Nick Kuesis crawled from a blood-spattered ditch to a phone booth. He had a bullet in his throat but he managed to call home and whisper, "Daley's gone crazy. He's killed John (Nick's brother) and he's going to kill the whole family. Call the cops!"

After hospital treatment, Nick told the police a tale which those hardened listeners found hard to believe. He and his brother had been working in their garage when Tom Daley, Lowell Fentress and Jimmy Morrelli entered. Daley an-

nounced he had come to beat up John Kuesis, whom he suspected of being a stool pigeon.

Daley was not up to his threats and was soon taking a thrashing from John Kuesis. Morrelli came to his pal's rescue by placing a gun at Kuesis' head and killing him. There were four witnesses to the cold-blooded murder—Emil Schmeichel, Jimmy Alex, Frank Baker and Nick Kuesis—and, of course, Morrelli's friends, Daley and Fentress. Daley herded the four unfriendly witnesses into his car at the point of a gun.

"You three sit in the back," he ordered. "Nick, you lay on the floor. You're all going for a ride."

Daley knelt on the front seat, facing his frightened cargo. All four begged for their lives as Daley played a sadistic game with them. He would point the gun at one cowering man and say, "Okay, chum. You get it now." Then, as the gun clicked harmlessly in the face of the terrified man, Daley laughed uproariously.

Daley stopped playing cat and mouse in the suburbs. He reached down and sent a bullet into Nick Kuesis' neck. Nick feigned death. A moment later Daley shot Baker. Both were thrown into a ditch. Two miles farther along Alex and Schmeichel were shot and tossed in a ditch, where Morrelli pumped more slugs into them.

Nick had crawled to the phone. He was seriously wounded, as was Baker. Alex and Schmeichel were dead. Three men killed and two wounded in three hours!

Police picked up Fentress and he showed them the house where Morrelli lived. Pape and two detectives

went to a second-floor apartment. They knocked and were answered by a bullet. They kicked down the door and charged in. It was pitch-black. They found Mrs. Morrelli in one room: she didn't know where her husband was.

Pape found another closed door and kicked it open. He stepped in, clicking his flashlight. The beam fell on a contorted face lunging forward. It was not Morrelli. It was the madman Daley!

Pape started shooting. His first bullet hit Daley between the eyes, the next four around the heart. He was dead before he hit the floor.

For this type of work, Pape gets \$75 a week before tax and pension deductions. . . .

THE SERGEANT AND HIS mates of the Robbery Detail differ from most police officers. The Detail goes looking for trouble, whereas the average bluecoat must wait for trouble to develop. Detail squad cars prowl the streets day and night. Usually three men ride in the new streamlined autos.

Riding with Pape and his mates convinced this reporter that no car arouses suspicion unless it is traveling in the opposite direction. This necessitates a two-wheel turn, then a wild chase with no siren for red lights. If the suspected machine fails to stop when the squad car draws alongside, the siren screams. If this doesn't halt the car, then the detectives' guns come out.

The first night we rode, Pape said, "There's only one outfit working that I know of. They're tavern heisters (stick-up men). There are two of them and they've been going out about once a week."

Because John Moss was on furlough, we were to travel one short of the usual three men. In the police garage, Pape's other partner, Detective John O'Hara, carefully wiped the windows of our 1941 car as Pape grinningly briefed me on what to do in event of trouble. In case of shooting, I was to keep my head down. In case of pickups, I was not to get between O'Hara or Pape and anybody they nabbed.

As we rode along, the squad car radio began cackling. "Armed robbery. Near 2918 Broadway. Two men. Both about 30. Bareheaded. Wearing brown Windbreakers. Man one has Colt automatic. Man two has P-38."

Pape whistled. "That might be our boys," he said.

Within two minutes the radio said: "Stolen car. Buick . . . 1948 . . . License 2319 350 . . . Stolen in the vicinity of 2700 Sheffield."

"Why didn't we get that one first?" groaned O'Hara.

"We never get the breaks," Pape answered. Quickly he explained that the Buick had been stolen only four blocks from the tavern robbery on Broadway. "If we knew about the stolen Buick, we'd have been out that way. Anyhow, that's our boys for sure. They pick up a fast car and go on the heist."

Now Pape and O'Hara began a guessing game. They decided the thieves would work east for their next stick-up, so we moved to intercept them. In a few minutes the radio squawked: "Armed robbery,



3160 Elston Avenue. Two men. 48 Buick. License number 2319 350. They are armed."

"They're working west," said Pape as we careened around and headed in another direction. At a traffic intersection we parked. "They may work east now and come through here," Pape explained.

The two detectives sat watching the cars shoot by. They were literally talking to themselves. "Come on, you Buick 48! Come on, you Buick 350! Let's get lucky this time!"

As they prayed for luck like a pair of dice shooters, I listened to the radio. It was describing the two bandits, and always ended with, "Man one has Colt automatic . . . Man two has P-38."

As the frigid data came in, Pape and O'Hara sat begging Lady Luck to send the gun-filled car to them. And for this type of work, O'Hara, who is not a sergeant, gets less than \$75 a week before tax and pension deductions. . . .

The radio droned a third robbery by the two men—this time at 3046 Laramie. Pape and O'Hara had guessed wrong. The bandits had continued working westward.

"That'll finish 'em for the night, I think," Pape said. "But we'll get 'em soon. They've about run out of luck."

Now we cruised through a dark street. "Friedman got it here," said Pape flatly. "He was my partner."

Pape, Friedman and Rudy Friedl had seen a car they didn't like and chased it. When the detectives caught up, the car was discharging a passenger. Friedman went after the passenger, followed by Friedl. Pape detained a man and woman in the automobile.

While he was talking to them he heard shots. He forced the two in the direction of the shooting, and when he arrived at the scene he found Friedl standing over the thug who had tried to escape. The gunman was dead.

"Where's Friedman?" Pape asked.

Friedl nodded and Pape saw his partner dying in the gutter. The dead gunman had a police record a yard long and his companions were wanted in Indianapolis for armed robbery.

Pape loses all glibness when he talks about Friedman. "Morris was a great cop," he explains. "He did only one thing I couldn't understand. He always fired two shots over the head of anybody he was chasing. I wonder if he could have used two more bullets against that punk that killed him? . . ."

WHEN WE GOT BACK TO Headquarters, a veteran officer talked about Pape. "I can't be saying one cop's better than another, but what is important is that Pape is the personification of the modern officer. He uses that Bureau of Identification room like it was a phone book; he talks to every big-time thief they bring in here; he reads; and he keeps in shape. Gosh, Pape even wears a *different* suit every day!

"The old-time detectives were maybe a little tougher than these young scientific fellows," the veteran continued. "They'd fist fight hoodlums more. But Pape's an old-timer himself if the boys challenge him. He just won't take anything from hoods."

Pape's intuition, memory, keen eyes and courage have sent 118 men to jail in 14 years. His eyesight is so

sharp that from a cruising squad car he spotted the plaster strip covering a healing cut on a man's nose. He remembered a series of holdups staged in the neighborhood a week earlier by a man wearing adhesive on his nose. A few questions, and the man with the cut nose was on his way to jail.

Does Pape prefer the cerebral type of police work to the strong-arm and spitting-gun type?

"Sure. I'd rather work with my brains than with my gun. I don't like to shoot people. That's because I don't like being shot at. But killing hoodlums doesn't bother me a bit. I hate hoodlums."

Where did this hatred come from? Was he raised with hoodlums?

"No. I was raised in Bucktown, a part of Chicago that doesn't grow sissies. On occasion I've seen a former school pal arrested, but most of them turned out all right. I became a cop because I couldn't get work at my trade. I was a sheet-metal worker. When I became a cop I saw what hoodlums do to

people. That's why I hate them..."

When he's not on duty, "The Scourge of the Hoodlums" sits around his pleasant home, taking orders from his mite of a wife and two children. No newspaper carrying Pape's name or picture is ever seen by his eleven-year-old daughter, Judy, or his nine-year-old son, Jerry. However, their schoolmates keep Judy and Jerry informed of Daddy's latest exploits.

Jerry is reasonably impressed, although he would sure like to see the real gun that the kids in school tell him his Daddy owns. But Daddy explains carefully that he is not permitted to take the gun out of Headquarters after work. This will amuse police officers everywhere. It might also amuse a few hoodlums now residing in State prison.

Sergeant Frank Pape says he has a hope and a prayer. He likes police work and he hopes he will be a good policeman. But he prays that Jerry will never want to be a cop.

"It's no life for a human being," says Pape seriously.



Older and Wiser

ONE DAY, A SCHOOLTEACHER in Red-dominated Budapest asked ten-year-old Istvan to compose a sentence containing a dependent clause.

"Our cat had ten kittens," said Istvan, "of which all were Communists."

"Excellent!" said the teacher. "Perfect! Be sure you do as well when the government supervisors visit our school next week."

The following week, the schoolteacher asked her prize student the same question.

"Our cat," Istvan intoned, "had ten kittens, of which all were Social Democrats."

"Istvan," cried the red-faced teacher, "that is absurd. Why, last week you told me your kittens were all Communists!"

"I know," said Istvan, "but their eyes have opened since then."

—Time

The Riddle of Isatti

by OSCAR SCHISGALL



What are true riches? Papa Gialitti, a wise but enigmatic old man who spent his days dozing in the garden, found the answer

IN 1926, WHEN WE WERE very young, my wife and I went to heaven, where I planned to write a book. Heaven, in our case, was the village of Isatti, Italy—a day's carriage ride out of Firenze.

It was a sunny place, and its friendly farm people all looked happy. As far as I was able to discover, they had no concern beyond the state of their grapevines. Politics? Mussolini? Nobody bothered about them, except to shrug when Il Duce was mentioned.

For all its interest in the intrigues of the world, Isatti might have

been on the moon. It was exactly the sort of retreat we had long been looking for.

We took a room at the Pension Gialitti. It was surprisingly neat, but what really won us was the fact that Papa Gialitti, the picturesque old *proprietario*, could speak English. "I like American people very much," he remarked when we registered. To prove it, he sent flowers, grapes and a bottle of wine to our room. My wife promptly fell in love with him.

"By the way," I said to him the first evening, "we'll have to cash

travelers cheques from time to time. And there's no bank in Isatti—"

"Me, I am your bank, *signor*," he said with a grin. He thumped his chest. "Papa Gialitti, bank of Isatti! . . ."

Our balcony looked out past a grove of cypress toward the rolling green slopes of the Apennines. Of course, my wife insisted on putting our table on the balcony, and there, in the sunshine, I worked on my book for four months—to the constant puzzlement of Papa Gialitti. Usually he sat in the garden under our window, smoking a long pipe and watching me. I suppose he found it hard to believe anyone could have enough thoughts to fill so many sheets of paper.

But if I perplexed Papa Gialitti, he likewise puzzled me. He never worked. Even the affairs of the pension were left to two fat servants. He simply sat in the garden hour after hour, smoking, occasionally sipping a glass of wine, and contemplating the birds. If a friend passed, he lifted a hand and called, "*Buon giorno!*"

That was his only exercise. Maybe I should have guessed, from such idleness, that he was the richest man in the mountains, with no need to work. But to me, he seemed just lazy.

He was about 60—a big-boned figure with a craggy face and keen gray eyes. His thick hair was white, his eyebrows were black. The contrast gave him a ferocious, piratical look. But that was misleading, for in reality Papa Gialitti was the gentlest of men, as peaceful as the Etruscan sunshine in which he loved to doze. Invariably he wore baggy corduroy trousers and a red sash



about his waist, and there were sandals on his feet.

"If only I could paint!" my wife would sigh, looking down at him from the window.

"Colorful," I said, "but I wonder what a man like that contributes to life?"

As we came to know the old man better, we discovered that he was very proud of his American background.

"My papa," he told us, "he lived in United States. Many year. When he is young man."

"Why, then," my wife exclaimed heartily, "you're practically half American!"

He bowed in his chair as if she had paid him a priceless compliment. "*Grazie, Signora.*" Then he straightened, smiling.

"My papa come back to Italy with much American money. Oh, very, very much! Many thousand dollar. He very rich man. Most rich man in Isatti."

We looked impressed.

"He marry Italian girl," Papa Gialitti said. "Buy pension. Me, I am born here. American and English people come to the pension, so I learn English. Is good life." He leaned back, enjoying the memories. "Every year we travel—San Remo, Monte Carlo, Biarritz—oh, every place!"

He chuckled. "Si, is very good life. Then, when I am young man, I go live in Roma. Marry. Have children. Eighteen year ago my

papa die. Leave me everything. So I come back to Isatti to be *proprietario* of the pension."

He had been welcomed, we gathered, with all the deference due the scion of the Gialittis. To be the richest man in the village meant to be honored by all. According to his account, this must have been the climax of his career, for since then not much seemed to have happened to Papa Gialitti.

His own wife had died a dozen years ago, and his two married daughters were comfortably established in Rome. Now content, with everything in order, Papa Gialitti intended to live out his life right here in his pleasant garden, with a pipe in one hand and a glass of wine in the other.

It sounded idyllic, but I felt a bit cynical about the whole thing. To me, such an existence seemed dull, wasted and unproductive. Yes, the old man might have achieved peace, but it was a negative, do-nothing kind of peace.

I DIDN'T BEGIN TO REALIZE the truth about Papa Gialitti until my wife, browsing about the village, came back one day with some startling stories.

"You know the big winery up on the hill?" she said. "Papa Gialitti made the town put it up. What's more, he backed it with his money. Years ago."

"Go on!" I said.

"In the old days the folks around here used to sell their grapes to wine merchants in Firenze. Papa Gialitti called a group of local people to his garden one day and urged them to build their own winery. He guaranteed to make up

any loss out of his own pocket. So they built it, and it's been profitable ever since."

"You make him sound," I said, "like the patron of the town."

"Oh, he is! Definitely! Later he got them to build new houses for the wine workers, too—guaranteed to pay the loss, if there was any. But there wasn't any loss. All the houses were taken at good prices.

"And another year he got some fellow to put up the village cinema—on the same basis of a guarantee against loss. Now Isatti has pictures twice a week, and everybody's happy about it."

Day after day my wife continued her inquiries. And before long it became clear that I would have to revise my estimate of the old man. In the past few years, Papa Gialitti had practically revived Isatti. Just sitting in the sun, talking to people, he had been responsible for building new stores, for laying the pipe line for a fresh supply of water out of the hills, for a dozen other improvements.

Papa, it appeared, was willing to underwrite any project that promised to bring the people of Isatti prosperity and happiness. He had all but produced a new village.

I found myself looking at him with new respect. But it was our last night at the pension before we could get Papa Gialitti himself to talk about these things.

By that time, we were good friends. Of all the guests who had come and gone, we had remained his favorites. He liked to visit our moonlit balcony in the evenings to share a bottle of wine with us, his big, red-sashed figure sprawling in a chair. Usually we spoke about

the wonders of America. Tonight, however, I told him how deeply impressed we were with everything he had done for Isatti.

He smiled at that, looking at his glass. Then he explained why he had done it.

"When I became *proprietario* of the pension," he said, "there is no business. Nobody comes to Isatti. I ask myself—who will fill big pension in Isatti if the village is not pretty? Who will come to dead town? So I tell my friends to build this and build that. Make the village look nice.

"I give my word to take care of losses. Everybody know my word is good. So everybody build new things. Everybody is happy. We make good village. By and by, plenty people come to see."

My respect grew even stronger. Whatever his motives had been, Papa Gialitti had made himself the

repository of all basic wealth, the ultimate guarantee of Isatti's financial integrity. What if he did spend his days dozing in the garden? The village itself, and its spirit, were a monument to his enterprise.

My wife said thoughtfully: "I wonder if these people know how much they owe you, Papa? After all, what you've done is make your wealth *their* wealth."

Papa Gialitti smiled at her across the top of his wine glass. He said, "*Signora*, tomorrow you go away. So I tell you something now. My papa lose all his money in casinos at San Remo, Monte Carlo, Biarritz. He leave no money at all—only the pension.

"Me, I am never rich man, *signora*. But as long as people in Isatti do not know this—as long they *think* I have much money in Firenze banks"—he shrugged—"what difference it make?"

Formula for Work and Fun

EVERY PERSON CAN endure just so much of anything—a nagging wife, a vacation, or work. It's a wise man who knows his limits and calls a halt before something snaps.

Take my friend Jim Branch up in Carolina. Jim is famous for his desk, which is always piled high with many items of work. That doesn't mean he is a lazy man. Jim turns out as much work in a day as any two ordinary men.

One afternoon I walked in to see Jim, and his desk top was as clear as could be. Its surface shone like a mirror.

"Well," I asked in surprise,



"your work all cleaned up, Jim? How unusual!"

"Yes," said Jim. "Everything done, that is, except for a few items here." He started pulling open his desk drawers to show me. They fairly burst open, they were so full. Then Jim explained:

"Since I can't possibly do everything expected of me, I reach a state of mind when I simply must pretend that everything is done, and so I shove the whole works out of sight and sit here, doing nothing. It's great. Tomorrow I'll be able to start out refreshed. How about you and me doin' a little fishin' this afternoon?"

—HOMER TWILL in *Between Friends*

Unfurled from the S Show World.

Cellulines

Lowell Thomas tells of one of his most embarrassing experiences, which occurred one day at a newsreel showing. Thomas had done the commentary on a scene in a Navy yard, and on another scene which showed a well-known society woman at the races.

Somehow the sound tracks got scrambled, and as the picture of the society matron appeared on the screen, Thomas was horrified to hear his own voice boom out: "This old battleship will soon be hauled into dry dock for repairs."

Star Grazing

When Paul Muni was preparing for a telecast in Elmer Rice's *Counselor-At-Law*, he went to a department store to buy a suit he thought would be appropriate for the role. Muni's nose is short, and he had been experimenting with a putty nose, one which he believed might make him look like a typical criminal lawyer.

While the salesman showed him

some suits, Muni crossed his arms, placed his index finger under his nose as if in deep concentration, and the horrified salesman saw his customer's nose slide up and down until it finally came off. —LEONARD LYONS

Ann Sheridan, who recently landed in Cherbourg en route to Berlin, numbers herself among the vast army of travelers who consider the passport photograph the most depressing of travel aids.

Entering Cherbourg, Ann praised her picture, and declared: "If the port authorities don't recognize me from this atrocious picture I can't go ashore, but if they do — if they do — I'll jump overboard!"

—Tales of Hoffman

Film Flam

One of the common expressions of movie parlance is MOS. It originated with a foreign director who wanted to shoot a scene without sound and said, half in German and half in English, "Mit out sound." To this day, silent scenes are called MOS. —ANDREW B. HECHT in *Quote*

Joe Mankiewicz, the film producer, is an enthusiastic collector of rare books. A friend casually mentioned an old family Bible which he described in detail—listing everything that indicated a genuine 15th-century Bible.

Mankiewicz became quite excited, as the friend had expected, and begged to be allowed to examine the book immediately.

"I don't like to disappoint you and I know I should have told you this before I got you worked up," said the friend, "but you will learn

about it anyway when you see it. The book is ruined. Some minister named Martin Luther has notes all over it."

—DAVID T. ARMSTRONG

Air Lines

A Crosby radio show was going into rehearsal and the script called for Bing to say, "Chloe" twice.

Some wit conceived the idea of dressing a musician's wife in rags, with her hair stringy and two front teeth blacked out.

On the show itself, Bing, all unknowingly, spoke the required "Chloe, Chloe." Then, from the wings, came the tattered woman, and in a raucous voice she yelled, "Well, what d'you want?"

Bing did a quick double-take and then, with his accustomed *savoir-faire*, ad libbed: "How d'you like that? Baritones have been calling her for 20 years and she has to answer *me!*" —Comedy Writers' Show, ABC Network

Bob Hawk was discussing feminine styles with an elderly male contestant on his quiz show.

"I suppose," said Hawk, "you remember the wasplike waists?"

"Remember!" snorted the man. "That's when I got stung!"

—Copper's Weekly

Onstage

The practical jokes that actors have played on each other onstage are legion. But actors agree that one of the classic stunts was pulled by Fred Allen.

One night Allen was asked to go out front and ad lib during a long change of scenery. He suggested that a young actor named Horace

walk on with him. But the youth protested that he was having enough trouble remembering his lines in the script without trying to ad lib any new ones.

"Oh, that's all right," said Allen, "If you get into any trouble, I'll cover you up."

The pair walked out before the audience and, as soon as they were in the center of the stage, Allen confronted the young man.

"All right, now, Horace," he said, "what's your story?"

—From *Fun For All* by GEORGE MC MANUS, World Publishing Co.

Ruth Gordon was discussing actors and their preoccupation with the theater, to which all other things are secondary matters. She told of the day Alfred Lunt and his wife, Lynn Fontanne, were opening in Boston, and Alexander Woolcott came to see the show. He waited for Lunt, who was at the theater all afternoon worrying about the lighting. When the still-worried Lunt arrived, Woolcott told him: "I just saw your wife."

Lunt frowned in puzzlement and replied: "Who, Lynn Fontanne?"

—LEONARD LYONS

Coronet invites contributions for "Unfurled from the Show World." Send us that gag you heard on the radio, that quip from stage and screen, and anecdotes about show business, but be sure to state the source of material you submit. Payment for suitable items will be made upon publication. Address your contributions to "Unfurled from the Show World" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Sorry, but no "Show World" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.

Genesis: the Story of



This special Easter feature brings
you an artist's conception of the most inspiring
story ever told — the story of the six days of
the creation of the world as set down in Genesis,
the first book of the Bible. In the words of a
Twentieth Century philosopher — 'For those who
believe, no explanation is necessary; for those
who do not believe, no explanation is possible.'

Paintings by Gustav Rehberger



1st Day In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth. And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, Let there be light: and there was light. And God saw the light, that it was good and God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day, and the darkness he called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.



2nd Day And God said, Let there be a firmament in the midst of the waters, and let it divide the waters from the waters. And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament: and it was so. And God called the firmament Heaven. And the evening and the morning were the second day.



3rd Day And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so. And God called the dry land Earth; and the gathering together of the waters called he Seas: and God saw that it was good. And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so . . . And the evening and the morning were the third day.



4th Day And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of the heaven to divide the day from the night; and let them be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and years: And let them be for lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth: and it was so. And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night: he made the stars also. And God set them in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth . . . And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.



5th Day And God said, Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven. And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly, after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind: and God saw that it was good. And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the seas, and let fowl multiply in the earth. And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.



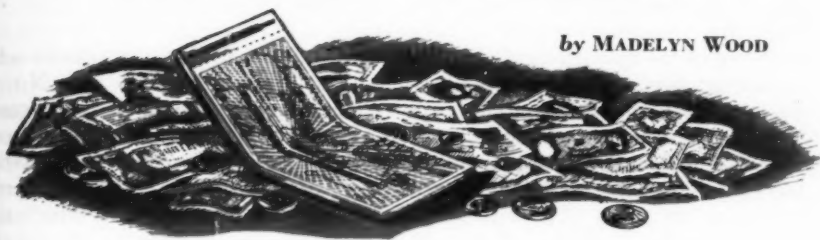
6th Day . . . And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. So God created man in his own image . . . male and female created he them. And God blessed them, and God said unto them, Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth . . . And God saw every thing that he had made, and, behold, it was very good. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.



7th Day Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. And on the seventh day God ended his work which he had made; and he rested on the seventh day from all his work which he had made. And God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it: because that in it he had rested from all his work which God created and made.

The World's "No.1 Money"

by MADELYN WOOD



The travelers cheque is a form of "currency" that's good anywhere and anytime

THIS IS THE STORY of the world's most-amazing "money." Although it isn't backed by any government, billions of dollars' worth have been issued and accepted at face value. No international organization has ever endorsed it officially, yet it is the only true international "currency," good in any country. Even more surprising, if it is stolen, burned or lost, you can get new "money" for it.

This remarkable "currency" is the "travelers cheque." You can walk into almost any bank in America, and most banks in large cities of foreign countries, and buy it over the counter. You pay a small fee, such as 75 cents for \$100 worth of checks, and walk out with "insured money."

The true value of that money was strikingly demonstrated to two American travelers who had ventured far up China's Yangtze River. In an encounter with bandits, they were robbed of everything except a packet of travelers cheques. Would these be accepted by merchants in this remote spot, who had probably

never been visited by an American or European? The travelers decided to try it, because they desperately needed food.

Dubiously, they offered a \$20 cheque to an ancient Chinese merchant. His face burst into a grin. "Number One Money!" he cried. Later, he explained that years previously an explorer had given him a travelers cheque, which he had found was good, so he cheerfully accepted this one.

One of the widely used forms of travelers cheques started because a man got angry. He was James C. Fargo, president of the American Express Company, who made a tour to Europe in 1890. For funds, he secured a letter of credit—then the standard method of carrying money for travel.

As he went from country to country, drawing cash against the letter of credit, he grew more and more irritated. In each country he received only the rate of exchange that the bank wanted to give. In addition, there were endless delays in getting himself identified. Fargo

came back to the U. S., still indignant. "Can't we do something about this?" he demanded of M. F. Berry, an employee who had been with the company for years.

Berry came up with the ingenious idea that has made the travelers-check business a great modern enterprise. The trick was the solution of the identification problem by the use of two signatures on the cheque—one made when it is purchased, the other when it is spent. This system seemed so foolproof that the company made the offer which it still makes today: any cheque lost, strayed or stolen before the second signature is affixed will be made good.

Strangely enough, Fargo's idea didn't catch on immediately. Travelers were so wary that, the first year, American Express sold only 248 cheques with a total value of \$9,120. After that, however, the rise in volume was meteoric. Nine years later, the company sold more than \$6,000,000 worth of cheques, and by 1913 the figure was up to \$32,000,000.

In the boom travel years before World War II, more than a million travelers bought \$200,000,000 worth of cheques, a figure that has soared even higher as postwar travel has increased.

Fargo's scheme has paid handsome dividends, not only for the company but for countless travelers as well. Today, although American Express is the greatest world-wide distributor, travelers cheques are also issued by several institutions, including the Bank of America National Trust and Savings Association, San Francisco; the First National Bank of Chicago; Mellon National Bank and Trust Company,

Pittsburgh; National City Bank of New York; Republic National Bank of Dallas, Texas; and Thos. Cook and Son (Bankers) Ltd.

IT'S NOT HARD TO UNDERSTAND why travelers cheques are No. 1 Money when you look at such cases as that of a girl traveling from California to New York. After boarding the train, she discovered that her savings of \$600, which she had converted into travelers cheques, were gone. She reported her loss to the conductor.

"Better notify the company," he told her, and sent the wire himself. When she got off the train, a representative of the American Express Company was waiting with a new book of cheques.

In another case, a radio announcer was flying from New Orleans to New York to accept a new job. Soon after he left, his wife discovered that he had forgotten his travelers cheques at home. She called the New Orleans office. They asked the name of the hotel where her husband would be stopping. When the announcer walked up to the desk to register, he was astonished to be told, "We have your cheque book."

One great advantage of travelers cheques is that they are good indefinitely. A professor at an Eastern college made a trip to Europe. Forty years later he was rummaging through old papers when he came upon a book of four unused cheques. The company cashed them without question.

One day a fisherman found a soggy book of cheques on the beach. It turned out that, six months before, the owner had been given

a new set when she explained that she had fallen asleep on the beach and the cheques had blown away.

Impressed on the minds of a group of former inmates of a Japanese concentration camp is the memory of the lifesaving food that travelers cheques once brought them. Among the prisoners was a businessman who had represented a tobacco firm in Manila. Captured by the Japs at the start of the war, he was hauled off to camp, where all his possessions were taken, even his travelers cheques. But the puzzled Jap soldier stared at them for a minute, then contemptuously tossed them back.

Grim months followed in the concentration camp. Conditions grew worse and worse, until the daily ration consisted of a cupful of rancid gruel. Because the prisoners were too weak to work, the Japs allowed a Filipino boy to come into camp to collect laundry. The starving American finally prevailed upon the youth to take a great risk. He signed a travelers cheque and gave it to the Filipino boy. The chance that anyone in occupied Manila would cash it seemed slight, yet any gamble to get food was worth trying.

Amazingly, the boy came back with food. He had found a Filipino who believed that some day the Americans would return to Manila. One by one, as months went by, the prisoner doled out the cheques and the Filipino boy came back with food. Manila was recaptured by the Americans when the last cheque was used.

On file today at American Express offices is a letter of appreciation

from the man whose life was saved.

Making good on lost or stolen cheques involves the company in a continual war on criminals looking for a loophole in the safety procedures set up to protect American Express customers. Not many of them ever find it. Usually they wind up like the man who drove into a Chicago service station and paid for gasoline with a cheque. Apparently there was nothing wrong with the signature, which the attendant watched him write.

Next day a special investigator from American Express visited the station. The cheque, and more like it, had been stolen from the rightful owner, and the signature had been forged. Information obtained from the attendant was turned over to

police. Less than 24 hours later the thief was behind bars. It was his first encounter with the Inspectors Division of the American Express. "Once is enough" is a company saying, indicating the fact that professional crooks quickly learn that trifling with travelers cheques doesn't pay.

The division operates in all parts of the world in pursuit of holdup men, safe robbers, pickpockets, confidence men, forgers and counterfeiters. Although the investigators are not an official police force armed with powers of arrest, they work closely with Federal, local and foreign police departments. Thanks largely to their constant vigilance, there are comparatively few successful forgery cases.

Incidentally, the company is pretty strict about your signature. You cannot sign your name with a title such as "Mr.," "Mrs.," "Cap-



tain" or "Doctor," since in some countries a signature with a title is not considered legal. Therefore, if anybody forged the name, he would not technically be committing a crime. Married women must sign their given names, such as Jane Doe rather than Mrs. John Doe.

The company also demands that you be able to sign your name in English script. A wealthy Osage Indian in Oklahoma decided to spend some of his oil royalties on a grand tour of the country. When he applied for a big batch of cheques, the company turned him down. He couldn't write, and they felt that his "X" hardly qualified as script.

Just as Uncle Sam has taken ingenious precautions to make money hard to counterfeit, so has American Express with travelers cheques. Printed on a special safety paper, they bear a watermark with the letters AM-EX-CO, and contain small red, blue and yellow discs, known as "planchettes," embedded in the paper. Since these little discs are easily seen by holding a cheque to the light, there have been few attempts at counterfeiting.

Ask the American Express inves-

tigators what you should do to protect your money against theft, and at the top of the list they put this advice: "Watch out for pickpockets." You can foil them by following these simple rules:

Don't carry a wallet in outside pockets of your coat or topcoat. Don't display large sums in public. Keep your senses alert if you are subjected to unusual pushing in a crowd. The man creating the disturbance may be trying to distract your attention. And finally, of course, the investigators add: "Carry large sums of money in the form of travelers cheques."

When pickpockets got the purse of an American woman traveling in Europe, she reported her loss to American Express and they replaced the cheques. After returning to her home in Washington, D. C., she received a package from Europe, containing her cheques along with some other papers.

Enclosed with the package was a note which read: "Dear Madam: We have the pleasure to send you your papers as well as your file of travelers cheques. On your part, be so good as to have real dollars on your next visit."



The Easier Way

AN OLD GENTLEMAN saw a group of small boys in an English park and asked one of them what game they were going to play.

"Cricket," said the youngster. "We're going to play a game of England vs. the West Indies."

The old gentleman was amused. "I suppose that some of you are going to black your faces, then," he suggested.

"Oh, no!" said the youngster very seriously. "Some of us are going to wash them."

—Financial Post



Mother to Silent Heroes

How a kindly Australian woman brought solace to hundreds of Gold Star mothers

by CAROL HUGHES

ONE DAY IN 1942, A YOUNG airman named Peter wandered into the little town of Ipswich, Australia. He was on leave and very lonely. Over a glass of beer in a pub, an American flier said:

"You ought to go to the Manson house near the cemetery—you'll meet everybody there."

Later, this chance remark was to make little Ipswich one of the most beloved spots in the world to thousands of Americans. The lonely young flier visited the home on the hill above the cemetery and, like hundreds before and after him, found it the closest thing to home away from home. Mrs. Rose Manson and her brood of eight children

took young Peter to their hearts.

Sitting on the porch one day, looking over the rows and rows of bleak white crosses that marked the war dead, Peter said with a wry smile: "Mom, what a stark, cold place that cemetery is! I'd hate to be buried out there."

Next week they shipped Peter back. His entry into the cemetery began a series of events that brought the lowly little Australian mother on a tour of the United States, and made the valley cemetery one of the most beautiful in the world.

From the very first day, Mrs. Manson kept Peter's grave a bower of flowers. One day her daughter Judy said to her: "Mother, if Peter could see his grave, I think he would tell you to 'spread them

out'—give everybody a chance."

Rose Manson began to spread them out. Although the cemetery was kept immaculate by personnel of the American Graves Registration Service, every day she made a special trip to place flowers and to watch over the sons of Americans buried in the peaceful spot.

One day it occurred to her how much it would mean for an American mother to hear from an Australian mother about her son's grave. So, patiently, she wrote a letter, enclosing a small picture, to each Gold Star Mother. Back came a flood of grateful missives from America. The mothers begged for more information; offered money for the care of graves; wanted to know what they could do to help Mrs. Manson. To each she replied: "Just send some flower seeds to plant, and, if you like, some small American flags."

Seeds began to pour in from the U.S.—all kinds and types. Mrs. Manson didn't know about many of the strange packets from America but she planted everything—and soon morning glories and California poppies began to push Australian flowers over the fence.

In the years that followed, Rose Manson's mail from America became an avalanche. The American mothers numbered in the hundreds—and she was only one woman. "But I had got hold of something and couldn't let go," she says simply. "I couldn't bear to think of an American mother waiting in vain for an answer to her letter."

The Mansons had little means, and money for postage became a very real problem. She began to sell things around the house, and

to deny herself luxuries. Finally she took a job, cleaning the post office at night, and used her earnings for postage. Until war's end, she attended every service for the 1,409 American dead—and sent to each mother all the information she could uncover about the boy.

WHILE MRS. MANSON WAS struggling with her problems in Australia, a kindly American mother in Wichita, Kansas, was working to bring her a reward. Mrs. David Moretz, who had lost her boy in Australia and had received one of those Ipswich letters, thought it would be wonderful to bring Mrs. Manson to America on a visit. So she sent a mimeographed letter to 1,408 Gold Star Mothers with whom Mrs. Manson had corresponded, asking if they would contribute to a travel fund. The response was generous, and an invitation was sent to Mrs. Manson, the mother who had scrubbed floors, reared eight children and worked all her life to make ends meet.

"When the news came," she said later, "I felt like a fairy princess with a magic wand. I never believed it was true until I set foot in San Francisco."

For ten months, she toured America from coast to coast. She visited every state in the Union, traveling by train, car, bus—and even hitchhiking. Funds were not sufficient for her to travel in royal style, but to her half the fun lay in "making things meet and enjoying the adventure."

She talked to hundreds of mothers, visited the homes of Chinese, Negroes, and even a few Indian tepees on the Navajo Reservation;



she stayed at homes where servants did her every bidding—and slept on the floors of mountain cabins.

Much of her mission held sadness, for it meant talking for hours to the families of American boys. In Rapid City, South Dakota, she was met at the station by Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Redmon, whose son had died in Australia. Mrs. Redmon threw her arms around the mother from Australia and said: "It's the next best thing to having John home again."

Mrs. Manson arranged her visits well in advance. One home, centrally located, served as headquarters. The mother in that vicinity would write all the other Gold Star mothers near-by, telling them the date of Mrs. Manson's arrival. From then on, Mrs. Manson stuck like a hermit to the house.

Mothers and fathers arrived at all hours and from all directions. Some drove 500 miles to talk to her. They asked Mrs. Manson countless questions and she had the answers, since she had painstakingly prepared a ledger with the record of each boy in the cemetery at Ipswich and all available information about his death.

There were times, however, when she gave no information. In Chicago, an Italian mother came to see her. Although the flier son had been officially listed as dead, his body had never been identified. The mother still clung to the hope that her boy was alive.

"I could have told her that he was buried in a common grave with other fliers," Mrs. Manson said, "but it is not for me to destroy hope. Such mothers were not disillusioned: neither were they given encouragement."

Her most-heartwarming experience occurred in Harlem. She never knew in advance what type of home or mother would be awaiting her at the next stop. When she arrived at the house in Harlem, "the door opened and there stood the sweetest, kindest, gray-haired old Negro mother I have ever seen."

Mrs. Manson spent the day in that simple home. "Hearts are the same all over the world, and somehow that simple Negro mother who had lost everything made me feel poor by comparison."

Once, while traveling on a bus, Mrs. Manson talked to a blind man about her experiences. "I'm the richest woman in the United States," she told him. "I'm worth millions in friends and heartwarming experiences."

A SIMPLE, SELF-MADE WOMAN, with no pretensions to education, Mrs. Manson often baffled the press that descended upon her at every stop. Once, in a Southern town, a reporter for a left-wing paper asked: "What do you think of the Negro problem here?"

Mrs. Manson replied: "If you still think it's a problem after 100 years, how do you expect me to solve it within a few weeks?"

Rose Manson is a unique personality, with a touch of earthy humanity and friendliness that endeared her to the hundreds of American families she met through-

out the country. It was this understanding for others that turned her simple little house by the cemetery into the "home away from home" for hundreds of American and Australian boys. Night and day her doors were unlocked; her sleep was always close to waking. Her name became a byword in Australia, passed around at the USO canteens from boy to boy.

The already-strong link between Ipswich and America became even stronger when the Gold Star Mothers decided to furnish one room in the Manson home with sheets, pillow cases, towels and essentials, to be dedicated to the Australian mothers whose sons were buried near theirs.

Today, the little cemetery is closed, the Graves Registration per-

sonnel has departed. The nights when Mrs. Manson laughed with the boys, the mornings when she sent them away to their missions, and the silent weeping over their graves when the bodies came back—all that has passed now. The American bodies were returned home for burial or sent to the national cemetery in Hawaii. But the ties of the Gold Star Mothers for Ipswich will endure.

Mrs. Manson remarks sadly: "It's true that they have taken my children away, but in their place I shall always have the living memory of the mother of each of the boys. I shall never look over that peaceful valley without seeing in my mind's eye the white cross that marked the grave of each American who rested there."



It Took Horse Sense

THE LADY WHO TOLD ME this story lives on a ranch in Arizona and has a good deal of "horse sense"; it's therefore she who answers for the authenticity of the amazing incident.

In a corral near Tucson a mare got an exceptionally unattractive baby. It must have been hard on the eyes of the mother; she kicked the poor little thing around and refused to nurse it. Whatever the explanation, the mare's pride seemed to be hurt for having been denied as charming a colt as colts are always supposed to be. Any-

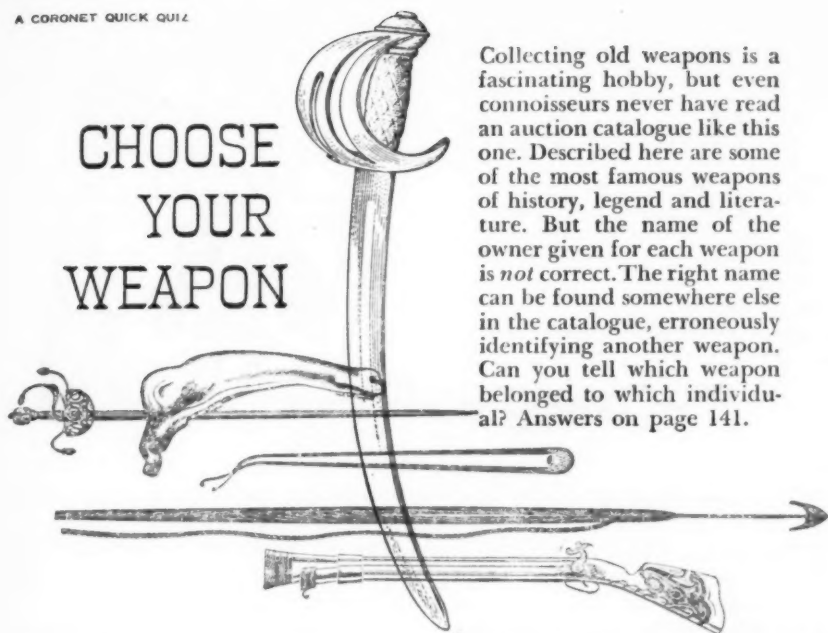
way, the clumsy animal had a most-difficult time.

Now there was another mare, totally blind, which also had a colt, but this one was graceful as could be. This youngster persisted in playing mischievous tricks on its mother, insufferably misusing her helplessness.

That was the situation when the owner of the stable found the pat solution for the double conflict. He just switched the offspring: the vain mare got the perfect foal, and the blind one took loving care of the neglected, ugly colt.

—HANS NATONEK in *The Christian Science Monitor*

CHOOSE YOUR WEAPON



Collecting old weapons is a fascinating hobby, but even connoisseurs never have read an auction catalogue like this one. Described here are some of the most famous weapons of history, legend and literature. But the name of the owner given for each weapon is *not* correct. The right name can be found somewhere else in the catalogue, erroneously identifying another weapon. Can you tell which weapon belonged to which individual? Answers on page 141.

1. HISTORIC CANNON. Dates back to Revolutionary War. Helped win American independence. Simple enough in construction to be fired by a woman, and has been. Complete with ammunition. Said to have been fired by Lucrezia Borgia.

2. ONE ANCIENT SLINGSHOT. This primitive but accurate weapon is capable of killing a man of superior physique. Once believed to be in the possession of Zeus.

3. HIGHLY SPECTACULAR WEAPON. Mixed lot of six thunderbolts, dating back to ancient Greece. Buyer needs special permit to use. Weapon attributed to Samson.

4. WHALER'S HARPOON. Made by skilled New England craftsmen, this weapon is in excellent condition despite years of use on whaling expeditions. Once belonged to Rip Van Winkle.

5. PIRATE'S CUTLASS. Excellent design; best English workmanship. Said to be weapon used by D'ARTAGNAN.

6. ONE AX. Valued for macabre reason because of its association with a famous murder case in modern history. Originally the property of Mollie Pitcher.

7. OLD AMERICAN FOWLING PIECE. Condition deteriorated because of 20-year exposure to elements. Attributed to Major Thomas W. Ferebee.

8. ELEGANT SWORD. One of the finest products of 17th-century French workmanship. Tempered blade, highly ornamented hilt. Once used by Robin Hood.

9. REMARKABLE NEW SUPER WEAPON. The one and only Atomic Bomb—the most destructive weapon of all time. Slightly used condition. Listed now for first time. First employed by Capt. Ahab.

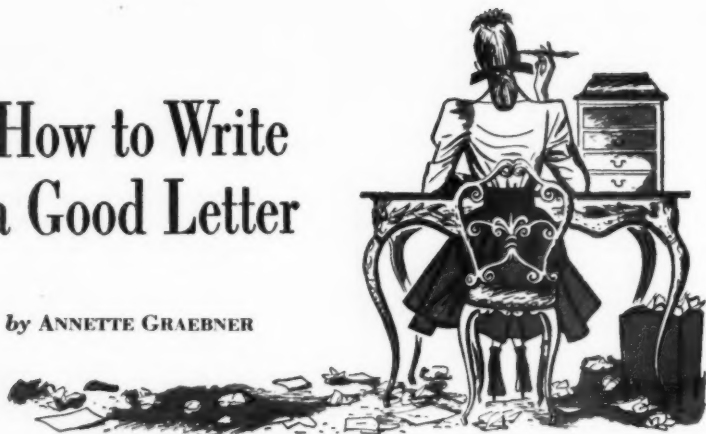
10. LONG BOW AND QUIVER OF ARROWS. Heavy weapon, requiring great strength to handle, early English design. Believed to be the property of Long John Silver.

11. UNIQUE WEAPON. Jawbone of an ass, sharp-edged and of sufficient weight to make formidable impromptu weapon. Very rare. Attributed to David.

12. SINISTER CURIOSITY. Antique ring with hidden poison compartment. Ornamental in design, suitable for wear by lady of high station. Once believed to be the property of Lizzie Borden.

How to Write a Good Letter

by ANNETTE GRAEBNER



It's an accomplishment anyone can acquire; here are some hints from an expert

JOHAN SMITH was a portrait of the successful businessman. Young, ambitious and intelligent, he had climbed rapidly from apprentice salesman to district sales manager for his firm.

As the president boasted to his board of directors: "John has a way with words. When he turns on that grin and rolls out those pretty speeches, he just hypnotizes 'em, that's all!"

The president was right. I had heard Smith in action. He had only to speak after a club luncheon or lean across a polished desk, and his arguments would bowl over the toughest executives.

One day the president removed Smith's pin from the sales map and made him general sales manager. From that day onward, his secretary told me that he kept her busy from morning till dark, dictating letters, sales campaigns and hundreds of personal progress reports. But three months after John moved

into the home office, he was back on the road, his high salary and secretary gone.

"I don't know what happened to John," the president told me. "He seemed to have lost all his zip. Why, those letters of his were so deadly, they should have been written in embalming fluid!"

The truth, I discovered, was that John Smith couldn't write a warm personal letter to save his life. On his feet before a customer, he was irresistible. But with a letterhead before him, his words marched stiffly across paper. Inspiring sales points were lost beneath such leaden phrases as "we beg to advise," "yours of the 14th inst. received," and "regarding your inquiry." Frequently his impersonal and lifeless handling of a transaction would anger an old customer.

A lot of us are like Smith. We just can't write a good letter. When finally we muster up enough courage to tackle a long-postponed let-

ter, we are paralyzed by "pen-fright"—a distant cousin of radio's "mike fright."

Too many people still think that letter writing requires some special gift, so they don't write. This is sheer nonsense. Anyone who can carry on a conversation can write a letter. There's just one important secret: forget that you're writing, and *talk* to the person with whom you're corresponding. Then you won't have to worry about what to say or how to say it.

By being yourself, you'll say the right thing instinctively. And your letter will contain the spark of individuality that marks the difference between a good letter and a hackneyed one.

I first became aware that most people write poor letters some ten years ago. Before that I had taught the Three Rs to youngsters in New York State public schools. Because letter writing had always given me pleasure, I made it a point to show these boys and girls how easy it was to talk to people on paper.

But in 1937 I felt like trying my hand at business and took a job with a publishing firm. There I found bored stenographers typing the same old "yours of the 15th inst." letters day after day. Finally, I charged in to see the sales-promotion director.

"Does all our correspondence *have* to be so dull, so impersonal, so drab?" I asked.

The director patiently explained that business letters had always started with "yours of the 15th inst." and probably always would. Why change?

Why change indeed! Bad letters, I told him, meant bad business.

People like to bask in the friendliness reflected by warm, intimate words. No customer wants to think that the firm getting his business has only a remote interest in the people with whom it deals.

Finally, the director told me to try my hand at revising the company's correspondence. Dry, obsolete forms were soon discarded and stenographers found new form letters on their desks—letters which used "Please" and "Thank you." Here, for example, is how one dead letter came to life:

Dear Mr. White:

Thank you for your letter of September 17th. Nothing would please us more than to add your name to our books. But since shortages have cut our production by more than 40 per cent, we just can't take care of another customer.

You may be sure, however, that we appreciate your thinking of us. And although we must say "no" today, we shall be looking forward to the time when we can be of service to you.

Sincerely yours,
Martha Jones

The response to my new letters was overwhelming. People are busy these days—much too busy to wade through a muddle of meaningless words and hackneyed phrases. The good letter writer should talk to his reader just as though he were with him in person. He uses the same familiar, homely words he does in everyday conversation. And he says them in the same friendly, courteous way.

BEFORE YOU WRITE your next letter, business or social, remember these points:

1. Get a mental picture of the



person to whom you are writing.

2. Study the situation which calls for this particular letter.

3. Then look at the problem from the reader's point of view.

Begin to talk to your reader with the first sentence—even the first word. Your beginning will either win his attention at once—or lose it just as quickly. So make that first impression the right one.

Here, to illustrate what I mean, are a few sample beginnings:

"The minute I read your ad in this morning's paper, I said 'There's my job!' And here's why . . ."

"This is just to say 'Thank you' for letting me come to your office yesterday afternoon. Now, I——"

"You certainly deserve a bouquet for the efficient way you handled a most-difficult situation——"

With your letter off to a flying start, get quickly into your conversation. Always talk *to* or *with* your reader, never *at* him. Regard the person to whom you are writing as a close personal friend—a friend who would welcome cordiality as much as he would resent curtness.

Talk with genuine enthusiasm. A bit of underlining, an exclamation mark here and there, a casual "Oh, I almost forgot to say" or "Well, this is my opinion, at least" can do wonders.

One word of warning. Don't make your letter all "I," "I," "I"! Those little first-person-singulars can be as boring as if you tried to monopolize a conversation in person. Instead, sprinkle your letters with "you's." Show that you have

an interest in your correspondent's work, his troubles, his desires.

All of us, at some time or another, have to write complaining letters. A store sends the wrong order; a china shipment arrives broken; a bill includes items for goods you never purchased. If you must write an angry letter, by all means do so—but be sure to drop it in the wastebasket and, when your anger has passed, start all over again.

No greater mistake can be made than to mail an angry letter. Remember, you are not writing to an inanimate company or store. You are writing to someone who, although he may be behind a desk, is human too.

Suppose a publishing house sends the wrong book. You might begin your letter like this:

I was all set to read the adventures of that boy called "Tom Sawyer" when I found you had sent me instead a copy of *Cooking for Brides*.

You are a businessman with an office desk on order. It is delivered—but in the wrong size, model and finish. Annoyed? Of course. But remember the other fellow's troubles. So why not begin your letter as follows?

I know you'll be as disappointed as I was to learn that when the desk I ordered finally arrived, it was unfortunately wrong in every detail.

Social letters, of course, are much easier to write than the business kind. We know our friends and relatives better. We know the things they like and the work they do. You can chat with Tom, Dick or Harry as you would over the telephone.

Tell them about the new hat you bought that looks like a bird's nest—but, oh, how you love it! Tell

them about the big fish you caught last Saturday, about the course in world politics you are taking, about what little Polly said to the delivery boy the other day. Talk about anything that you know will interest your correspondent.

And here's another tip. Occasionally include with your letters a few items clipped from newspapers or magazines—cartoons, editorials, recipes and news which you think might interest your friend. These can be real lifesavers for busy people who seldom have time to write more than a short note.

My particular enemy among social letters is the traditional "thank you" or "bread-and-butter" letter. All too often such notes assume a stereotyped copybook style.

Suppose you have just returned from a week end with the Blakes. Sally Blake is a wonderful cook

and bakes superb apple pies. Why go high-hat and write: "I certainly enjoyed your cooking"? Instead, toss off something like: "Sally—where on earth did you learn to bake such apple pie? My mouth fairly drools at the very thought of those tasty slices!"

And now for a final word of advice about letter writing. Have you ever received some special courtesy from a salesgirl, or read a book or story you particularly liked? Then you are ready to compose one of those notes I call "Letters We Don't Have to Write."

In all probability such a letter will brighten the day for someone—just because it's unexpected. Best of all, you don't have to wait for an introduction—the letter does it. You can write to anyone, anytime, anywhere. All you need is the desire and a three-cent stamp.



Occupational Hazards

Alarmed at the way the employees rushed to quit work at 5 o'clock, a government official in Washington posted this memorandum:

"Most of this running occurs within two or three minutes of closing time. Employees dash from their places of work headed for the nearest exits. Frequently they slip and fall. They catch their heels on stair treads. They bump into others. Injuries result."

Harold Hartung, Ravenna, O., ballplayer, went through his third-floor bedroom window, dreaming that he was after a fly ball.

An actor hastily donning a wig for his part in the St. Louis production of *Venus in Silk* sustained a sharp, stinging pain atop his head. A bee had settled in the wig.

After defending a pickpocket in court, Joseph Rotwein, Washington, D. C., attorney, discovered that his pocket had been picked and a wallet containing \$40 taken.

—HAROLD HELFER

Using the skills they already had and acquiring a few new ones, the Boettichers produced the home of their dreams in a Chicago suburb

The House that Hobbies Built



by OLGA DAVIDSON

FIVE DAYS A WEEK, Albert Boetticher, genial 53-year-old employee of the U. S. Bureau of Internal Revenue, sits in an office in Chicago's Loop and advises citizens on their taxes. If he so desired, however, this veteran tax expert could change vocations and go to work as architect and housebuilder, even though he has never spent an hour studying that profession.

Proof that he knows his way with tools and has imagination and taste in design is the snug Boetticher house in suburban Homewood, Illinois, across from the Ravislo golf course and within sight of prairie farm land. Except for the shingles and installation of the heating unit,

every bit of the six-room house was built by the Boettichers themselves —by "Pop," whose hobby is carpentry, and the two boys, one of whom has grown to manhood while the house was going up.

Unlike many amateur housebuilders, the Boettichers were not pressed by need for shelter. They began building their home when the eldest son was 19, the younger, 14. In the mind of this sturdy family, it is better for a boy to work during the summers than to fritter them away, and it was chiefly to give their sons constructive employment that the Boettichers decided to start building the ideal house they had long been talking about.

In the early years of their marriage, the Boettichers moved

around a good deal, not from choice but because a civil servant is subject to transfer. When Boetticher finally selected Homewood as a permanent residence, his was the only house on the street, and cultivated fields pressed his boundaries. But being country-bred, he still thinks there is no finer sound than the chuffing of farm tractors.

Building a house can be full of surprises for the novice—some agreeable, some dismaying. Virtually every stage of construction requires some special knowledge or adaptable skill. For example, when it came to grading the site, Boetticher pondered whether he should turn over the job to an expert. He concluded that since he knew the principles of grading, and remembered from his farm days how to handle a horse, he would rent equipment and set to work.

"Shucks," he recalls today, "there was nothing to it."

Since architecture and carpentry were among Boetticher's hobbies, he knew all about carpenters' tools. His plans for the new home were ambitious, but he had confidence to match them.

One of the first surprises for the family was the way the house got into their blood. Before long it became *The House*, the dominating factor in their lives. Though originally planned as a leisure-time activity for Boetticher, he soon decided that if the family lived close by he could devote long summer evenings to the job. In a rented trailer they camped through the first summer, happily watching as foundations, supports and walls took shape under their hands.

Today, the finished house con-

flicts with current architectural dogma. It has a lot of what experts decry as "waste space"—yet in this instance it was all carefully planned. The family, not expecting to alter its ways of life, knew that the happiest home would be one which accommodated various personal interests. There must be storage space for all kinds of tools, there must be privacy for each member of the family, there must be enough closets and cubbyholes to satisfy a housewife's dream.

"I like waste space better than what some people call efficiency," says Boetticher. "I like to wander around a house—and it's best when there is really something to wander through."

During the course of construction, an unpleasant surprise came on the day bricklaying started. The bricks were stacked, the mortar was mixed, the tools were the age-old ones used for the job. Starting at a corner, Boetticher laid the first brick, then another, then one on the far side of the corner. But the job wasn't right. Suddenly the Boetticher family faced a stark fact. They didn't know how to lay brick!

Chagrined, they put their materials away and adjourned to the public library. There they studied earnestly, mastered the knack on paper, then tried again. Today they consider themselves both plain and fancy bricklayers.

On the walls of their front porch they tried a basket-weave pattern on one side, a herringbone on the other. And on one wall is a panel that Boetticher describes as "pure Al"—an original by young Boetticher. The effect of the whole is refreshing—a signature, so to speak,



of the personality of the family living in the house.

Visitors always ask if the Boettichers really installed the plumbing and wiring themselves. This amuses the family, since they do not share the awe popularly accorded to the "mysteries" of building. The Boettichers found that individual talents soon led to proficiency in varied skills.

Bill became interested in plumbing, and now is also an expert on installing locks. Young Al did all right in the wiring department, having received excellent training as a radio technician in the Navy. "Pop," with his broad general knowledge, acted as supervisor and "boss carpenter."

In matters of weight lifting and improvisation of equipment, the Boettichers became masters. Their giant fireplace required a chimney to scale and flues of more than average size. The chimney tiles weighed 160 pounds apiece. "That's big!" said Boetticher. "Big enough for Santa Claus!"

These had to be lifted two stories, plus the added height of the chimney above the roof. For this job they used block and tackle, and when all the lifting chores were done they installed the tackle in the garage to raise the door.

Boetticher can't understand why people marvel over plumbing and wiring. Personally, he wishes that somebody would take note of his

doors, hung so true and straight, and congratulate him on their perfection. No amount of book reading can tell you how to hang a door properly. It's something a man must have a real feeling for.

He is also amused by friends who ask how he has kept peace with the building trades while erecting his own house. Antagonism of organized craftsmen toward individual enterprise has been exaggerated, he thinks. They merely insist that if outside labor is hired, it must be through the bargaining agency. Since he has scrupulously observed this requirement, his relationship with unions has been marked by extreme amicability.

PRAISE FOR HIS HOUSE falls sweetly on Boetticher's ears, although his pride in accomplishment is quietly contained. Usually it comes out only in a modest, "We kind of like it." He also enjoys repeating some of the stories that come to him.

Recently a public official in an adjoining town and a friend of the Boetticher family invited an architect to view all the newest buildings in the town. None, seemingly, appealed to the architect. Exasperated, the official crossed the town line, drove to the Boetticher house and said "Now, what's wrong with this one?"

The architect took a long look, then smiled. "Not a thing," he said quietly. "I can imagine a man coming out of the door and looking as though he and the house belonged together."

The Boettichers, having little interest in the money value of their home, have never calculated its worth in dollars. But persons fa-

miliar with real-estate values have set estimates ranging from \$22,000 to \$30,000. To date, the Boettichers have invested some \$7,000 in house and land.

Architecturally speaking, it is difficult to describe the house in generic terms. Basically, the style is the result of Albert Boetticher's belief that a house should hug the earth and that the roof should reach down to it.

"You could say it is a Norman cottage type," he remarks, "but if you did that, you wouldn't be accounting for the details we used for trim. They are American colonial. And I don't know how you would describe the design of the slanted brick window sills. We like them, but they certainly aren't orthodox. Maybe the house is just pure Boetticher."

Whatever it is, the house has a sufficiency. It lies lengthwise on its 122-by-156-foot lot, the curved roof sloping toward the street, the wooden garage joined at one end in a graceful angle. The wood is stained a warm brown, foil for the brick-

work and the dark shingles. None of the three doors opens directly into the weather. The wide casement windows of the living room look out on a spacious back yard and toward the farms that the Boettichers love.

Not every family has the where-withal—in skill or money—to build its own home. But for those who have the basic requirements, the Boettichers believe that there could be no deeper or more-fundamental satisfaction. Not inclined by temperament or background to overestimate their achievements, they are likely to speak of them in jest.

Asked what they consider the minimum requirements for a job of this sort, Boetticher will probably reply in his southern Indiana drawl: "Well, maybe a man ought to have a grandfather who's a carpenter, like I did, and then he has the knack in his blood." To which young Bill will probably add: "And it certainly helps if he has six sons, all six feet tall. Pop managed with two, but six would have been a lot better. A whole lot better!"



Proud of Them All

GENERAL EISENHOWER'S mother bore seven boys. Five are still living. Milton is president of Kansas State College; Arthur is vice-president of the Commerce Trust Co., Kansas City; Edgar is an attorney; Earl is an electrical engineer.

At the homecoming of her most famous son after World War II, someone remarked to Mrs. Eisenhower, "You must be mighty proud of your son."

To which the General's mother replied, "Which one?"

—DREW PEARSON, copyright 1948 by Bell Syndicate



California Pioneers Model 1949

by NORMAN and AMELIA LOBSENZ

On a new frontier—a U. S. reclamation project—former GIs and their families are writing a remarkable success story

YOU DRIVE UP THE DUSTY road that snakes to a whale-shaped ridge called The Peninsula. You stand on the summit and look over thousands of acres of land as brown and rich as chocolate.

Toy-sized machines—tractors, plows, harrows—crawl over each square of a gigantic checkerboard that not so many years ago was 25 feet under water. And barely visible from your vantage point are

the figures of the men and women singled out by fortune to call this ancient lake bed home.

To the west, close beside one of the rocky hills that encircle the great basin, two barrackslike buildings stand under the hot sun. A red-earthed gash in the volcanic soil jounces up to them in a swirl of dust. This looks to you like the end of nowhere. But to Paul and Mabel Rogers, homesteaders on the U. S. Reclamation Bureau's Klamath Project, it is the beginning of everything.

We sat in the Rogers home and listened to a fantastic success story that spanned the years between an

Ardennes Forest fox hole and a field of ripening barley under a blue California sky. It is a story of incredible good luck and of driving work—of ingenuity and enterprise, sacrifice and ambition. It is the peculiarly American story of a man and his woman making good on a new frontier.

Until three years ago, Paul Rogers had never heard of the Klamath Project. He had been busy fighting his way across Belgium and Germany with Patton's Army, and building a thriving insurance agency in Medford, Oregon. Then a prospective client told Rogers about the agricultural gold mine that Uncle Sam was about to give away to a handful of lucky veterans.

"Paul," he said, "why don't you put your name in?"

Rogers investigated. He found that for years the Reclamation Bureau had been draining Tule Lake, a body of water just south of the California-Oregon border, and uncovering tremendously fertile farm land. Impounded and channeled river systems provided unfailing irrigation. Now 7,500 acres more were to be opened to homesteading, with priority for veterans.

Paul—one of more than 2,000 applicants for 86 parcels of land—had pioneering in his blood. His grandfather had hunted gold in this Tule Lake area; his grandmother had been among the first women to cross the Great Plains. As a youth, Rogers had dry-farmed in eastern Oregon, tended dairy herds to pay his way through high school. Now his future was up to the luck of the draw.

Paul and Mabel Rogers gripped each other's hands as they sat in

the armory at Klamath Falls (nearest big town to Tulelake) and watched as capsule after capsule was picked from a jar.

"It was like the draft all over again," Mabel said to us. "Only this time I was praying that Paul's number would be called."

On the 56th drawing, her prayers were answered. Paul, bronzed and wiry, walked up to a giant wall map and put his finger on one section. He had spent weeks studying that particular plot of land. It was an extra measure of good luck that none of the previous winners had chosen it.

Because a large part of it was rocky, hilly ground that would never grow a crop, the area totaled 113 acres, half again as much as the average homestead unit. But Paul Rogers was not sacrificing quality for quantity. He knew that a house built on that lava rock would need no expensive concrete foundation. He knew a well would not have to go deep to find water. And he knew, too, that the hillside would block off the dust storms that occasionally sweep across the flatlands with ferocity.

Today, a couple of years after moving onto their land, Paul and Mabel know firsthand the tribulations of modern pioneering. True, they faced none of the ordeals of the early settlers: there were no forests to clear or Indians to fight. But as Rogers put it: "We had the kind of problems you can't solve with an ax or a gun."

It was a battle from the start. At first, clouds of dirt billowed up from the long lake bed, covering pots and clothes with a thick film, and clinging like coal dust to the

skin. Worst of all, it hampered spring plowing.

"We had to build homes, establish schools, get roads and water," Paul said. "Most of all, we had to learn about the land."

Even after a profitable harvest, the land is still a challenge. A mixture of silt, loam and volcanic ash, it is as temperamental as a prima donna. Rogers, like all the homesteaders, is still learning by trial and error how to vary his farming and irrigation methods.

Despite this, the basin is fruitful beyond all imagining. Although it has three strikes against it—scarce rainfall, killing frosts as late as July, a brief 90-day growing season—Tule Lake is a crop bonanza.

In 1947, notwithstanding a late start and relatively makeshift farming operations, it gave record yields of barley, potatoes, clover and alfalfa. The homesteaders grossed close to \$1,500,000. Paul Rogers cleared \$6,200, slightly under the over-all average. At current prices, his still-undeveloped farmstead is worth \$25,000.

LIKE SO MANY VETERANS who felt the simplest way to insure a successful first year was to lease part of their land to experienced farmers, Rogers rented 20 acres to potato growers for \$1,200. He would have made more working the land himself, but potatoes are expensive to plant and require about ten hours work a day for three months. Instead, Paul seeded 53 acres with Hannchen barley, a premium variety used in malt.

Rogers lost one-fifth of his crop when the harvester broke down while he was helping a neighbor to

cut barley. In the ten days it took to repair the machinery, pheasants, blackbirds and wind wreaked havoc with his own stand of grain. Still, he reaped more than 3,000 bushels. At a record \$4.80 per hundred-weight, he netted \$5,000.

Despite his substantial income, Rogers isn't getting rich. Like everyone else, homesteaders feel the pinch of inflation. "I've spent nearly \$5,000 for machinery and supplies," Paul told us, "and I still don't have all I need. A lot of us are sharing equipment on a co-operative basis." It took \$4,000 to move and repair the barracks-home. Gasoline is high, and the far-flung country uses a lot of it. Food, too, is expensive, with no supermarkets down the street.

"We didn't end up with much cash the first year," Paul said. "In fact, we recently had to make another crop loan. But at least we're building toward something with the money we spend."

That "something" is land ownership. There are few strings attached to the bargain between Rogers and the U.S. Government. If Paul lives on the farm for three years, raises a successful crop on at least half of the land for two successive years, and makes regular payments to the government for the cost of developing the land, the homestead is his—lock, stock and barrel. Like all the settlers, the Rogerses were given two tar-papered buildings left over from the wartime Japanese relocation center



at Tulelake. Some couples put in a good deal of time and money re-finishing them or putting up elaborate new homes. But Paul and Mabel decided to let their dream house wait and do first things first.

While Paul worked against time to get his land seeded last spring, Mabel Rogers took on the chore of turning the gaunt frame building into a comfortable home. Twenty-five, blonde and pretty in a bright house dress, Mabel looks more like a college coed than the kind of girl who can run a tractor or paint a house. But she knows that a homesteader's wife must be useful as well as decorative.

"I put composition panels on the inside of the walls," Mabel told us as casually as if she were talking about knitting. "The kitchen is all fixed up now. All I have left to do is the paint job."

Despite its location and appearance, this is no frontier cabin. There is a modern bathroom and an electrified kitchen. The windows of a tastefully furnished living room look out on the eternally snow-capped Mount Shasta.

HOMESTEADING USED TO BE a lonely business of one man against nature. But 78 of the 86 Tule Lake veterans adapted the military tactic of combined assault to the major obstacles that faced them. They elected Paul Rogers president of the Newell Homesteaders' Club, an organization formed primarily to battle for roads. In this dusty country, one heavy rain could turn the ground into bottomless muck.

"Folks who'd lived around here a long time figured it would be five

years before we'd have roads," Paul said. "But a lot of the wives were pregnant, and we didn't like the idea of not being able to get to a hospital in a hurry."

Twice a month, a dozen veterans took time out from home building to travel 60 miles to Alturas, seat of Modoc County, and attend the Board of Supervisors' meetings.

"We got the brush-off at first," Paul said. "But when we showed up at meeting after meeting, they began to take us seriously."

When the time was ripe, Rogers led a delegation of 40 rock-jawed homesteaders to a board session and pressed for a \$10,000 appropriation for more Tule Lake roads. Within a month, graders were starting work. Today the roads are only gravel or dirt, but the settlers are no longer in danger of complete isolation.

The club's second victory came when Rogers set up a grade school close to the site of the project so that children would not have to travel seven and a half miles to the town of Tulelake.

Then the organization put aside its own worries to lend a hand to the 44 settlers who won farmsteads in a second drawing last spring. To help the new group benefit from experience, the original homesteaders helped print a handbook answering all the questions that bewildered them when first they came to Tulelake.

"Loneliness is the big hurdle out here," said Rogers, "so most of all we wanted to make the new folks feel welcome. Though we elected our officers before they arrived, we left the vice-presidency open for one of them. And we threw our

biggest party the day the second contingent moved in."

Lack of entertainment is one of the problems the Homesteaders' Club is trying to solve. Monthly potlucks fill part of the gap, but distances are too great and time too precious to allow for much purely social visiting.

"Besides," asked Mabel, "where are you going to find a baby sitter out here?"

True to frontier tradition, Tule-lake homesteaders are quick to help each other in emergencies. Rogers found this out one frightening day when a sudden wind caught up flames from a neighbor's weed burning and set them racing toward his home.

By the time the volunteer fire fighters got started, the road leading to the Rogers farm was lined with jeeps, trucks, new cars, jalopies—dozens of homesteaders in

everything on wheels coming as fast as they could to help. Swiftly the fire was beaten out.

Rogers planted more barley last year, and fewer potatoes. We asked him why he failed to put in a big-money crop like sugar beets, as some of the homesteaders did. Paul thought for a moment, then grinned.

"I guess I'm not a gambler," he said. "They may make a fortune, but they may lose their shirts."

Mabel nodded agreement.

"My folks were farmers," Paul went on. "They slaved for 30 years and never had what we have now. I'm no get-rich-quick-and-get-out farmer. I want to buy more acreage, raise cattle and chickens, and bring up my son on the land."

Rogers walked to the open door and looked out over the warm, quiet, fertile earth of the Peninsula.

"This is the first place I've found peace," he said. "This is my home."



Signs of the Times

Sign under an American Flag in a store at Pella, Iowa: "These colors Don't Run."

—JOHN MASTERS

Dr. R. Selden, a dentist, has a farm in Putnam County, New York, called "Tooth Acres."

—WALTER WINCHELL

The small-fry section of a Hollywood bookstore is known as "The Inner Spanktum."

—Quote


Sign on a Hollywood street corner: "To avoid that run-down feeling, cross street carefully!"

—Tales of Hoffman

A Portland, Oregon, restaurant stabilized the price of the working girl's breakfast by advertising: "Cup of coffee 4½ cents; cigarette (any kind) ½ cent."

—HAROLD HELPER

by WEBB B. GARRISON



Timothy Dexter

and his "Golden Touch"

Here is the fantastic story of an illiterate tanner whose "second sight" brought wealth and a measure of fame

LATE IN 1788, strange rumors reached financial circles in Philadelphia and New York. An illiterate Massachusetts tanner, according to gossip, claimed to have been blessed overnight with "second sight." Promptly he prophesied that the worthless paper money issued by the Continental Congress would soon be valuable.

Bankers guffawed, for the currency had lost all value during the years of America's struggle for freedom. "Not worth a Continental" had become a household phrase for complete worthlessness. But Timothy Dexter stubbornly insisted that "a voice" had told him to buy paper currency. Thrifty and hard-working, he had accumulated a respectable hoard of gold. All that he had and all that he could bor-

row was recklessly invested in Continental bank notes.

Within a few months after Dexter had given his last gold piece for a hatful of dirty paper money, the Federal government adopted Alexander Hamilton's plan for restoring the nation's credit. Currency soared in value. Almost overnight, the Newburyport madcap saw his paper money turn into a fortune.

With his new wealth, Dexter set himself up as an importer and exporter, and assumed the title "The Great Man of the East." Fellow townsmen tapped their foreheads significantly and, as a joke, one suggested that Dexter ship a cargo of warming pans to the West Indies. Timothy consulted his Voice, and decided to take the risk.

The long-handled pans, which in Colonial times were filled with embers and put between bed sheets on cold nights, were plentiful. All Newburyport rocked with laughter

when the merchant began securing a cargo. But amusement turned to pity as his vessel set out for the Caribbean, loaded with shiny pans.

Dexter's hunch was right again! Sugar-cane planters in the West Indies found the long-handled pans just what they needed for dipping syrup from their big boiling kettles. The entire cargo sold for an enormous profit.

Now confident that "second sight" would make him supreme in the mercantile world, Dexter embarked on one venture after another. The market was so glutted with whalebone that brokers stopped quoting offers. But the Newburyport seer bought every pound he could find.

As soon as other speculators heard that Dexter was buying up whalebone, they also started to bid. Soon whalebone was selling at a premium, and Dexter sold his holdings for a handsome profit.

Drunk with power, he invited his "cousins," members of the French royal family, to visit his "palace." In anticipation of their coming, he stocked his cellars with choice European wines. The royal family sent their regrets, but war between England and France made imported delicacies scarce. Lord Timothy unloaded his stock at twice what he had paid for it.

Always in obedience to his Voice,

he sent other bizarre cargoes to the West Indies: woolen mittens, cats and Bibles. A jobber bought the mittens for resale in Europe; the cats brought fancy prices at a rat-infested port; the Bibles arrived in Jamaica and a great religious revival broke out. Like King Midas, Dexter seemed to have acquired the Golden Touch.

Lord Timothy began to issue royal proclamations, signed with the title, "First in the East, First in the West, and the Greatest Philosopher in All the Known World." He bought an elaborate mahogany coffin, trimmed with brass handles and painted green and white. Frequently he slept in the great coffin, and once—in order to enjoy his own funeral—invited hundreds of guests to a mock burial.

It is impossible to escape the conclusion that, from the time he claimed to have "second sight," Dexter was mentally unbalanced. Yet his foolhardy speculations paid off. Was his amazing success due to a far-reaching series of coincidental happenings? Or did he gain, as he claimed, second sight through some still-unexplored faculty of the human mind?

Your answer is as good as any. Scholars and scientists admit that, after a century and a half, the Riddle of Newburyport still remains an unsolved mystery.



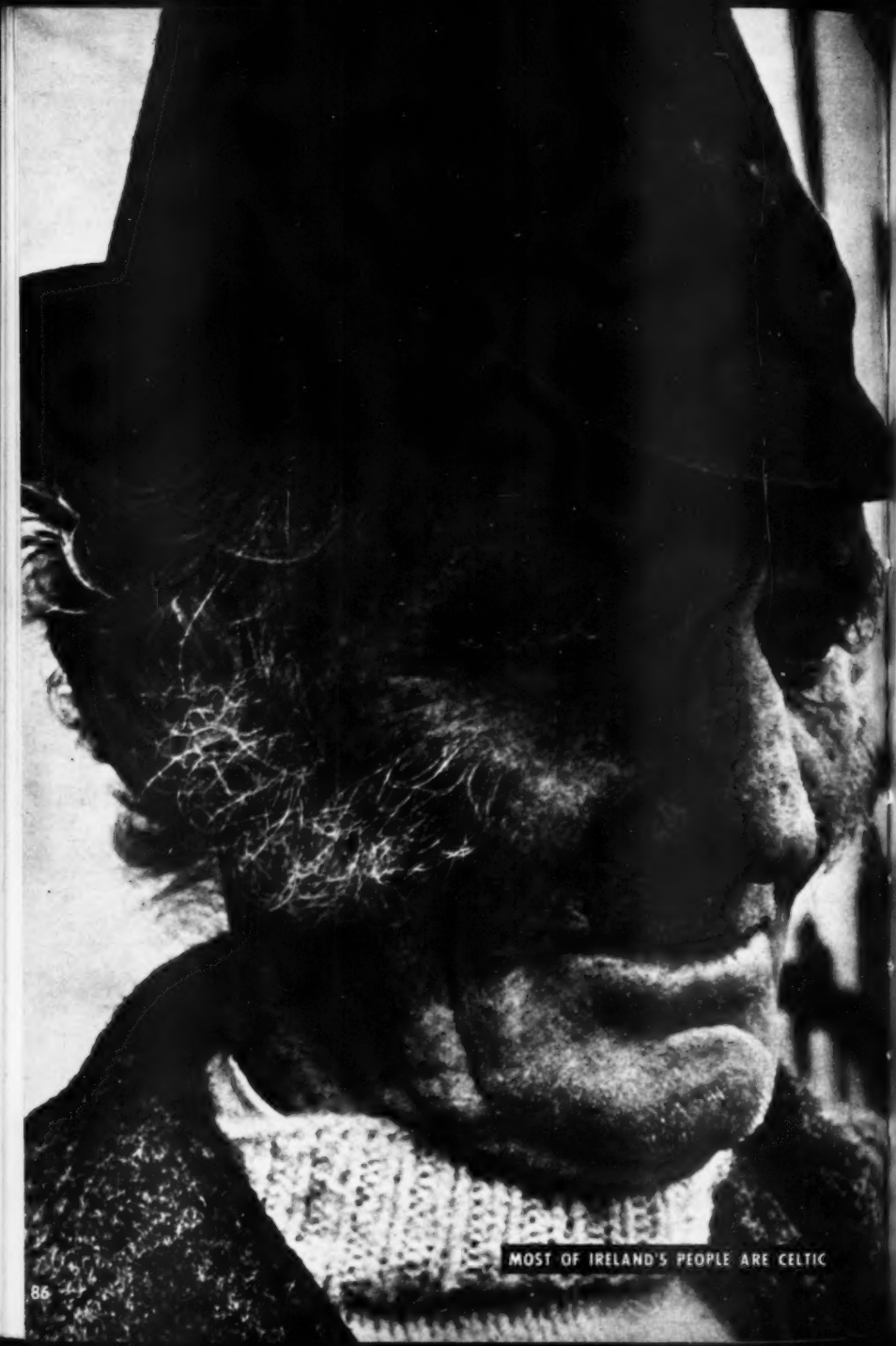
Nothing Gained

HATING PEOPLE is like burning down your house to get rid of a rat.

—HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

THE EMERALD ISLE

A TOWERING WAVE may race across 1,000 miles of stormy Atlantic, only to break at last in a spray of lace against the green shores of Ireland. Beyond these coastal ramparts lies a gentle isle, filled with restless contrasts and strange beauty. Here, a home-loving people cherish traditions centuries old, yet look with hope toward the brighter future of their island citadel. And though Ireland's sons are scattered today to the corners of the earth, they are ever in a mood to think and talk of home—unable to dispel the magic ties that bind them to the Emerald Isle.



MOST OF IRELAND'S PEOPLE ARE CELTIC

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EMERALD ISLE, *continued*

TO MANY WHO SEE IRELAND for the first time, the poverty and privation of its people seem to comprise an overwhelming burden. Yet, with understanding, the stranger learns that the Irish have created an inner wealth from their inexhaustible love of home. In a legendary land, the endlessly repeated legends of Ireland's valiant national heroes—from Cu Chulainn of ancient times to yesterday's Dan O'Connell—are reflected in the courage and pride of Irish faces. Here in Eire, wisdom lights the eyes of the old, and the spirit of tomorrow sharpens the infectious laughter of the young.

Even the lilting brogue which distinguishes the Irish-born speaks of the beauty that is a nation's heritage. And today, no matter where an Irishman may find himself, he will dream of the hills of Connemara or the quiet fields of Wexford, where he once roamed as a boy.

Yet, there have been times when Ireland failed her people. In the troubled political days of the 19th century, millions of Irishmen sought renewed hope in the New World. In the decade following 1847—a black year of famine—more than a million men and women crossed the Atlantic, reluctantly abandoning the soil their families had tilled for centuries. Many were destined to lend luster to the growing roster of loyal Americans. The Sullivans and the O'Learys, the Burkes and the McEvoy's—these names stood for Ireland, the tiny island that, to them, would ever be the Old Country, well-loved and well-remembered.



TODAY, young people learn both English and Gaelic in school. Both are used as official languages in Ireland.



IRELAND has had many names in its long history—all praising its green beauty—Erin, Eriu, Eire.



THATCHED COTTAGES DOT THE LOVELY COUNTRYSIDE



EMERALD ISLE, *continued*

This is chiefly a land of white cottages and stone fences that wind across the fields to distant hills. In all of Ireland, only Dublin, Cork, Limerick and Waterford are cities of importance. In the moorlands of the Northwest, the primeval beauty of barren slopes, bleak vistas, and the high, wild cry of birds blend in a strange tranquillity that seems, for a fleeting moment, to deny the existence of an outside world.

The countryside of Ireland wears many garments. In Donegal, jagged hills rear toward the northern sky and gather about themselves quiet lakes and rushing silver streams. Along the coast of Connemara, the west wind beats against rocks that seem to have been heaped in violent disarray by a giant hand. Here, the sea sends foaming arrows into the exposed flanks of Ireland, and meager fields and peat bogs huddle in pockets among the rocks. Yet, in this cruelly beautiful region of hardship and privation, the enchantment of Ireland lives on in the fairy mounds—low knobs of earth, thought by some to be of Danish origin, that lie undisturbed, for within dwell “the little people,” and no man dares break the spell cast hundreds of years ago.

A mild wind blows through the gentle valleys of County Kerry to riffle the lakes of Killarney. Ancient villages are hidden amongst the hills, and the rich fields sparkle under a bold sun. Here, peasants’ huts lie in the shadow of massive castles. From Galway Bay to the downs of Tipperary, this is a land of granite and green, of northern mist and brilliant southern sun.



DUBLIN BEARS THE MIXED MARKING OF TODAY'S PROGRESS AND YESTERDAY'S CUSTOMS



POLITICS are an Irish preoccupation. Deeply concerned with the welfare of their land, the people listen and judge.

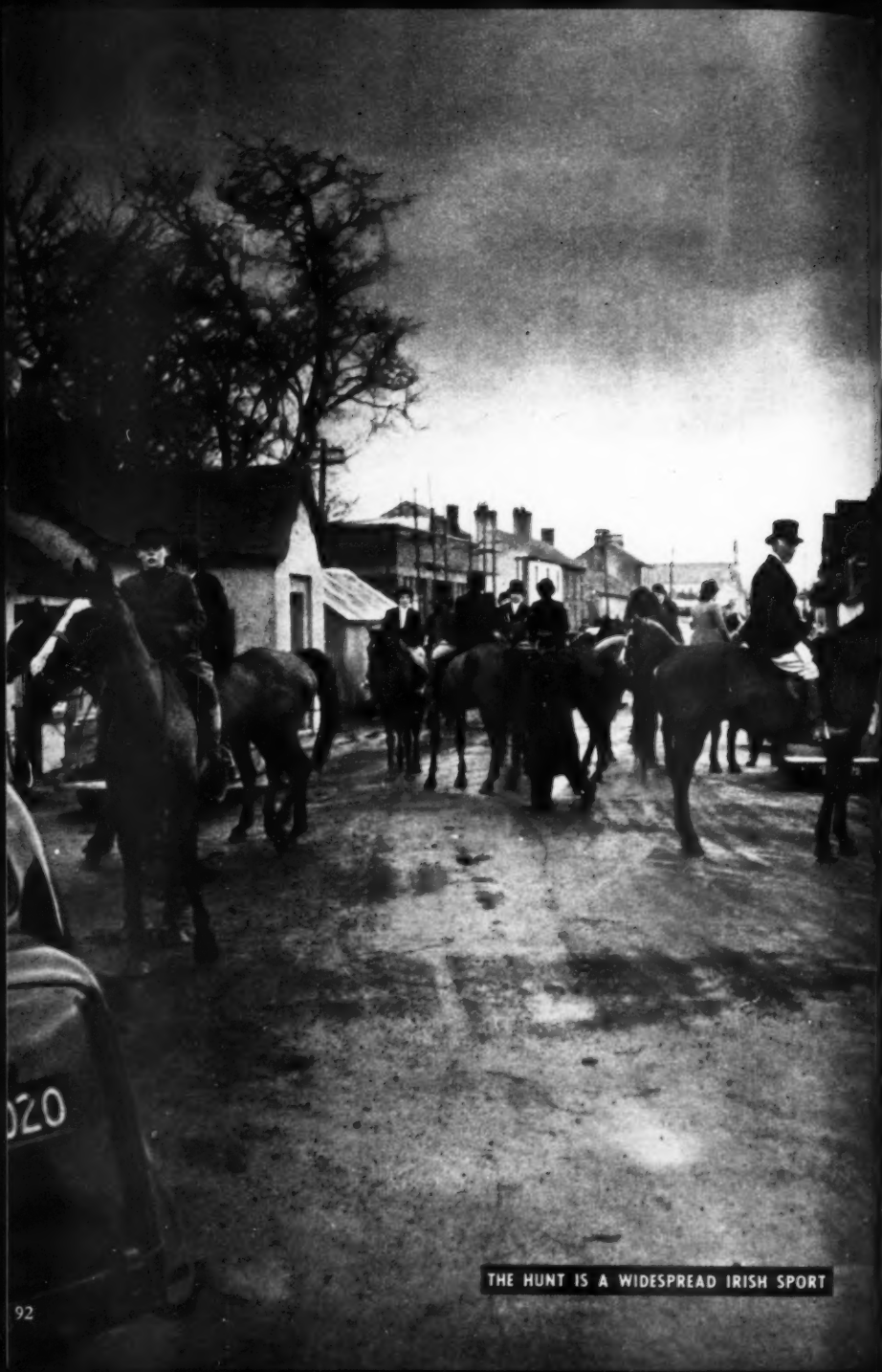
EMERALD ISLE, *continued*

Winding down from the Wicklow hills, the River Liffey makes its stately way through the heart of Dublin to the sea. The capital city of Eire is another study in contrasts. Only a hamlet in 1700, within 100 years it became a great and wealthy metropolis.

Today, unhurried traffic moves through crooked streets. The glory of the 18th century is gone, but its flavor lingers in the red-brick Georgian houses which line Dublin's thoroughfares. Even the names of the streets are remindful of greater days — O'Connell Street, Parnell Square—lasting tributes to the men who helped guide the course of Irish history. Yet, for all its worldly charm, Dublin is a city with the robust nature of a country lad.



FOG AND RAIN OFTEN COAT THE STREETS



THE HUNT IS A WIDESPREAD IRISH SPORT

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EMERALD ISLE, *continued*

There is an old saying that if you scratch an Irishman, you find a lover of horses. Certainly the hollow sound of hoofs on cobbles is one of the best-loved sounds in Ireland. It is almost impossible to walk a country lane without meeting a horseman or seeing the flying color of a pack of riders leaping stone walls and vanishing across the hills.

Race meetings are held in every hamlet of Ireland, and the poorest peasant becomes a landed squire as he appraises the glistening coats and dainty hoofs of the high-spirited thoroughbreds, and dreams that the horse of his choice may one day be ridden to glory in the Grand National at Aintree.

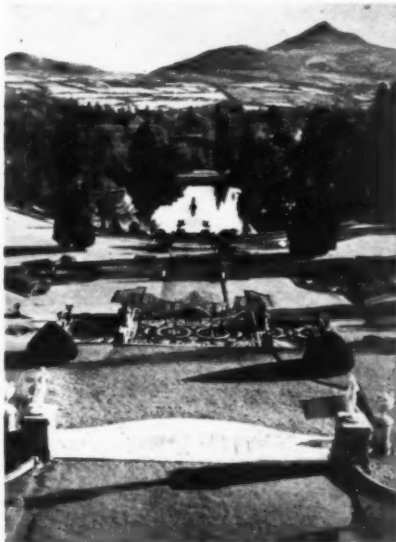
This love of animals goes hand in hand with Ireland's hospitality. Any home, castle or cottage is open to the weary traveler, for there is always room for one more at the tables of Ireland.

The tale is told that centuries ago Grana Uile, the Pirate Queen, stopped for rest at the castle of Howth during a long journey, only to find the gates locked. Angered, she seized a young lad who was playing near-by and continued on her way. Lord Howth's offer of ransom was disdained by the proud queen: "'Tis more than riches that you'll be needing to buy back your heir. We Irish are a hospitable people. Only if you vow to keep your door open at all times to travelers will I return the child."

The agreement was made—and kept. Until only recently, a conveyance stood near Howth, ready to take all who asked to the castle for food and a night's lodging.



EAGERLY WATCHING a race, spectators cheer their favorites. Irish dogs and horses have won fame over the world.



THE BATTLE SCENES of the motion picture, *Henry V*, were filmed in quiet Powerscourt, in Wicklow County.



BRAVING THE SEA IN SMALL BOATS, MEN FISH FOR THEIR VILLAGES



WEAVING supports many a family. The fine products of this home craft are an important part of Irish exports.

EMERALD ISLE, *continued*

Eire is a land of simplicity. In the Counties of the West, fields of white heather soften the border of wild lakes. Gulls and curlews wheel over lonely hills, and old ways linger with a native charm which these hardy people never seem to lose.

There is no "land" here. Yet, from the sea, peasants carry baskets of kelp and sand to coax life from the reluctant soil that lies in thin patches amongst the rocks.

To secure fuel, the people trudge to near-by bogs and cut blocks of peat by hand. Fishermen vanish in the mists on the long pull out to sea in search of herring. Along white roads are thatched cottages in which ancient arts still endure. This is the Ireland that declares proudly: *We're well as we are!*

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PEAT BOGS YIELD IRELAND'S FUEL SUPPLY

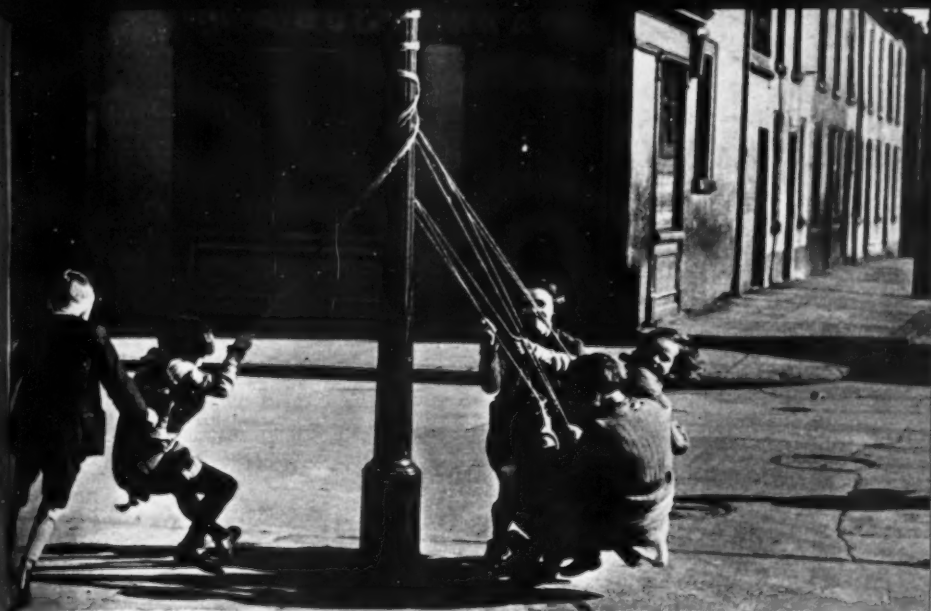


OUTDOOR DANCES EXPRESS IRELAND'S SPIRIT

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CHILDREN ARE HAPPY AND WELL-FED, VITAL TO THE IRISH DREAM FOR THE FUTURE

EMERALD ISLE, *continued*

The fiddler on the green is a living legend in Ireland. Strolling along quiet country lanes and stopping—perhaps for an hour, perhaps for a day—storytellers unfold the rich folklore of the past for an enraptured village audience. These present-day *Shanachie*, descendants of the Irish bards and minstrels, are like a lost wisp of medieval times. They play and tell stories in exchange for the hospitality the villagers gladly provide.

Their tales are never new, never old. In epic legends, traditional Irish heroes—Finn, Niall, Aengus Og—live again as valiant warriors bearing proud arms against tremendous odds. Yet in each telling there is a new glory. And many of the myths that seem to spring from the very

earth of Ireland sparkle with the charm of the people of *Sidhe*—who leave fairy rings of pebbles to be discovered and wished upon. Today these “little people” are regarded with humor and indulgence and, on Midsummer’s Eve, with considerable respect, for one can never be quite sure.

With the inexhaustible buoyancy of the Irish people, these lilting folk songs and tales are the link between a half-dreamed past and the hope that Ireland will always be the proud home of heroic men. For there is a music here that no instrument can capture. It comes from the hills, and from the sweet smell of burning peat in the villages. It falls on a shaft of early evening sunlight, and is re-echoed in the glad cries of children. It is, to all who know, the heart of Ireland.



IRELAND HAS SOUGHT TO BUILD A NATION BY THE WORD AND TEACHINGS OF GOD



ALMOST 95 PER CENT of Ireland's population of 3,000,000 are members of the Roman Catholic Church.

EMERALD ISLE, *continued*

Dusk falls softly on Ireland. The Angelus peals out like a benediction at the end of day. In the fields and village squares, a hush descends and heads are bowed. Nowhere in the world is there a people with stronger moral belief. At every hand are the symbols of their dedication to the service of God. Almost every home shows a votive light, almost every road is blessed with a wayside shrine.

For in Ireland, religion is not a matter of Sunday devotion. It is a way of life, guiding the people in their first uncertain steps as children, and blending later with the wisdom of age. To a people with a deep awareness of the mystic and inexplicable, with an unshakable faith in prayer, these inner values can never change.

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SYMBOL OF IRELAND, BELOVED DE VALERA

TO MILLIONS OF MEN AND WOMEN ALL OVER THE WORLD, IRELAND WILL EVER BE THE OLD COUNTRY. ITS HARD-WORKING PEOPLE, TOUCHED WITH BLARNEY, BLESSED WITH OPTIMISM, CHERISH A SOLEMN PRIDE OF HERITAGE. A LAND OF UNFORGETTABLE BEAUTY, IT IS EMERGING TODAY FROM A TROUBLED PAST INTO A FUTURE THAT SEEMS AS BRIGHT AS SUNSHINE ON THE HILL OF TARA.



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This Baby-Sitting Business

It is recognized at last as an important "industry" that requires special training



by VIRGINIA RICHARDS

IN THE DARK SILENCE of the night a child's voice calls, "Mommie!" June Davidson sets down her Coke and sprints toward the stairs; 600 miles away, motherly Mrs. Mary Merrill drops her knitting; across the continent, a brawny halfback shuts his textbook. The three head for the nursery, for it is Saturday night in the U.S.A. and, in homes big and small, the baby-sitters are taking over on mother's and dad's night out.

You won't find sitters like the three above in the majority of homes. But you will find them in an increasing number of communities that no longer depend on the neighborhood grab bag for sitters. These three sitters all belong to organized groups.

Fourteen-year-old June David-

son of Shreveport, Louisiana, won't play dress-up in Madame's new outfit or eat the only jar of caviar in the house. She has been trained in child care, and is also a member of the "BIBS," a teen-age sitting club whose members are honor-bound to abide by the group's self-imposed code of ethics.

If Mrs. Merrill of Des Moines, Iowa, breaks her ankle, her sponsor, Mrs. F. D. Gowen, would rather get up from her own supper table than leave mother holding the baby. Mrs. Gowen operates her sitting registry as a hobby, but all her sitters are mature women, experienced with children.

When parents step out in Cambridge, Massachusetts, a Harvard athlete steps in, to earn while he studies. A new parent is handed the Harvard Sitting Regulations, with rates and terms established by the

director of the University's employment agency.

The Harvard employment director keeps rating sheets on his sitters' special talents and can fill an order for a homebody who can bathe a child, prepare dinner or mix the baby's formula. The director also handles complaints.

In rare instances when problems arise, they are generally settled quickly and to everyone's satisfaction in a conference discussion of proper procedure for both sitters and parents.

Undercutting Yale rivals by ten cents during the day, the Harvard hourly charge is 50 cents before 7 P.M. (child awake), 35 cents to midnight (child asleep), when rates are upped again to 50 cents. At Wellesley, where girl students must have experience with children before they can be hired, the demand two years ago reached an all-time high, with 847 calls filled, plus a waiting list. At Vassar, a regular sitter is recommended to avoid frequent personality adjustments and the possibility of undermining a child's sense of security.

Sitters everywhere, however, are united in their verdict against housework. Only three girls in a group of 500 at the high school in Cheyenne, Wyoming, will take on household chores, while most organized bobby-soxers rule "but even a bit of dusting.

The same goes for subdebs from such schools as Spence, Brearley and Chapin, which cater to New York's white-tie and limousine trade. They sit over week ends for 75 cents to \$1 an hour, and even act as "Big Sisters" during summer vacations for up to \$100 a month,



with room, board and swank provided by Manhattan's first families.

Despite criticisms about inexperience, the teen-ager, due to numbers, availability and rates, is the backbone of the sitting industry. What happens when these reputed "irresponsibles" take over in the home?

Chickie, at 14, had been sitting two years when mothers and sisters of her neighborhood got together to air mutual complaints. The result was a sitting club and training program organized by the local Girl Scout leader, in cooperation with the high-school principal and local woman's club.

Before she started this training, Chickie had her panicky moments. There was the night when the parents, due at 1 A.M., breezed in at 5 o'clock. Much worse was the afternoon when little Janie found the matches. Her screams brought Chickie in a hurry to the kitchen. The child stood on a chair by the stove, her dress in flames.

"I beat the fire out with my hands," Chickie recalls.

The Scouting course has taught Chickie never to leave a child unattended; never to stop bathing or diapering a baby to answer the phone, and to be careful answering the doorbell at night.

As Chickie mounts the steps of a client's home, in her pocket is the Club Agreement which states that she will wash, bathe and put the

youngsters to bed for 30 cents an hour until 11, when the rate goes up to 35. Dishes come extra. She won't play the radio or entertain friends without permission. She expects adequate heat, desk space, transportation home after dark, and notification of a delayed return by the parents.

If Chickie were a member of Mrs. Gladys Romanoff's sitting course in New York City, a certificate would hang over her bed, showing that she had completed the course of nine lectures in child care and passed the physical examination. When one of these sitters comes into a home, she takes a quick look for possible accident hazards, such as a letter opener, sharp fire tools and toys smaller than a child's fist, apt to end in an inquiring mouth.

She knows that a child doesn't immediately make up to strangers, may even shout, "I hate you!" But the youngster doesn't mean it. He just misses his mother.

In Detroit, laboratory work with kindergartners supplements class discussions at Monnier School. Seventh- and eighth-graders plan balanced meals, practice first aid on classmates, and are encouraged to bathe, feed and undress the smaller fry at home.

A Mantoux test or chest X rays are musts for the sitting clubs of St. James and Medalia, Minnesota, whose members are on their honor never to report for work with a cold. So enthusiastic were these girls about the training program, set up by County Nurse Rose Ann Wood, that they now meet every two weeks to hear a guest speaker, who may be a home-economics teacher, a moth-

er, or a visiting nurse from far away.

Obtaining the phone number of a neighborhood adult, and knowing how to call the police, the fire department and the doctor, take precedence over diapering in *Some Essentials of Baby Sitting*, drawn up by the Department of Recreation, White Plains, New York.

The instructions point out that the conscientious sitter "can be a truly beneficial parent substitute," and that "if a child wakes and is frightened, wrap him in a blanket, take him into a warm room and give him a good portion of love and tenderness."

Sitter's Night is a treat for Barbara and Wayne Groce, 7 and 4, of Selinsgrove, Pennsylvania. They love to be tucked in by teen-age Shirley, who belongs to the Beta Sigma Phi Baby Sitting Club, organized by their mother. A notice on the high-school bulletin board for six girls to sit on sorority-meeting night brought Mrs. Groce 15 replies from girls who didn't know whom to contact for their services. They were briefed by a nurse and passed on by the school's principal, but the girls set up their own rules and rates.

Their reputation grew so fast that soon Mrs. Groce was receiving ten outside requests a day. As a community project the sorority decided to service their town of 3,000 with sitters. Mrs. Groce agreed to continue as sponsor and each member was to pay ten cents for each call to underwrite an ad publicizing the registry.

Mrs. Groce had collected 60 cents when the ax fell. A note from the Department of Labor and

Industry informed her that she had violated a law regulating non-profit organizations and must post a \$5,000 bond before she could employ minors.

After six weeks of argument, the noncommercial status of the registry was cleared up. The sorority took out a \$1 nonregistration sitting license instead of the \$100 license and \$1,000 bond required of a commercial sitting agency by Pennsylvania, which has put its seal of recognition on the nation's leading part-time industry.

THE BYRD HIGH SCHOOL in Shreveport boasts the most highly developed sitting club, the BIBS, whose program is approved by the State Department of Education. A committee of students, child-welfare leaders and the BIBS' inspiration, Miss Ruth Batchelor, drew up the club's working plan and charter.

Prospective sitters and employers alike must file application for membership, giving references. A girl must be 14 or over and have passing grades to join, and her parents or guardian must designate when, how long, how late and how many times a week she can sit.

Not long after the BIBS were organized, the girls decided they wanted to know more about children; so Miss Batchelor introduced a sitting course into her Home Economics department. In it the BIBS learn what impression their neatness, their moods and their outlook on life are likely to make on small children.

"Be calm. Be happy," the members are told. "Learn to relax. Develop a taste for beauty in music, painting and literature. Help your

children to see the beauty in things around them."

In contrast to such well-developed sitting programs are communities without any organization. "The trouble in our town," a typical mother complains, "is that there aren't enough sitters, good or bad, to go around."

There weren't in Des Moines either, until Mrs. Gowen got parents and sitters together. An ad for sitters brought 65 replies. Seven hundred applied for 200 openings in Cincinnati, where a local service is now going strong.

Meanwhile, mothers in hundreds of communities are still dependent on the neighborhood grab bag. Why? Because a list of sitters and their available hours with a voice at the phone to fill requests isn't enough. Someone must see that sitters are qualified. And an interested sponsor must keep parents and sitters contented.

Mrs. Mattie Taylor Denman of Atlanta, Georgia, finds that discord in one home can be harmony in another, merely by a switch of sitters. At 80, Mrs. Denman is probably the dean of sitting sponsors. One afternoon 12 years ago a neighbor called over the fence to ask if she knew someone who would watch the baby a few hours. Mrs. Denman went herself.

After that, neighbors got in the habit of calling her for help. However, she was a busy clubwoman, and so she would ask a friend to "sit" in her place. That was how her registry of 60 women began. The early rate of 25 cents an hour has now doubled.

Some commercial agencies bond sitters and insure the children. One

keeps a doctor on 24-hour call, another requires a medical examination of applicants. At least one has sitters fingerprinted and registered with the police department. Rates vary from 40 cents an hour to \$1.50 for a trained nurse.

Overnight care is usually from \$5 to \$7, and the more elaborately organized agencies in large cities will oversee piano lessons, provide help with homework or meet children at trains.

Probably the highest baby-sitting bill on record is reported from Sudbury, Massachusetts, where 60 high-school girls offered their services free, so that parents could attend a town meeting. The parents accepted. At the meeting, they voted for a new school building at a cost of \$300,000.

In its dimmest aspects, the sitting situation was summed up in a

recent movie in which a group of political bosses were trying to pay off one of their followers with a job.

"Can you wash dishes?" asked one. The man glumly shook his head. "Sweep floors?" asked another. No. "Shovel snow?" "Lick postage stamps?" To each question the answer was no.

Finally, in a voice of exasperated contempt but dawning hope, a big man bawled: "Don't tell me you can't even baby sit!"

It wasn't long afterward that I had a chance to observe a group of young girls who were forming a sitting club. After their "code" was set up, they recited this pledge:

"I have one of the most responsible jobs in the world. I am in charge of a priceless possession. I am fully aware that a child's life is in my hands. I will do all in my power to protect that life."

Conversation



Stoppers

HUBBY SNEAKED HOME at 3 A.M. His angry wife met him at the door. "So home is the best place after all!" she snorted.

"I don't know about that," her mate replied, "but it's the only place open."
—Quote

"DO YOU DRINK?" asked the defending counsel of a witness whose nose suggested a heavy expenditure for liquor.

"That's my business," came the snappy reply.

"Any other?" the lawyer queried softly.

—ROBERT GOLDSTEIN

THE YOUNG LADY, not too attractive and not too popular, was trying to be coy over an invitation to a dance.

"If you insist, Herbert," she said, "I'll go with you to the affair tonight . . . unless, of course, you find someone you'd rather take in the meantime."

"Well, that's fair enough," said Herbert. "Let's leave it like that then, shall we?"

—MORRIS BRACKER



Dr. Harper: Health Pioneer

by MRS. GLENN FRANK

ALL THAT MARCH DAY of 1894, young Dr. Cornelius Harper had been hard at work, making ready his one-room office over the drugstore. Now it was 6 o'clock; the rattle of farm wagons on the cobblestones of Pinckney Street had faded out; the town of Madison, Wisconsin, was at supper.

Cornelius was hungry too. He was always hungry at mealtime—an annoying and expensive habit he had picked up while earning his way through college. He couldn't skip a meal, as some of the other

poor boys did, and still do his best work. Perhaps because he was bigger-boned, taller—over six feet—and exceptionally vigorous.

But despite a gnawing appetite, Cornelius was determined to stay at work until his office was ready for its first prospective patient next morning. On the wall hung two diplomas—one certifying a B.S. degree from the University of Wisconsin, class of '89, the other dated four years later, an M.D. from Columbian Medical College.

He gazed at them with pride,

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recalling their cost. Eight years of study, four of teaching to earn tuition money. But he had dreamed of this day ever since he was a boy on his father's farm near Hazel Green, walking miles to country school.

As Cornelius hung up his shingle in the window, he did not foresee that he was beginning a career which would surpass even the dreams of his childhood—that 54 years later, when he was 83, the grateful people of his native Wisconsin would select January 31, 1948, as "Dr. Harper Day" because it marked the end of 47 years of distinguished public-health service. Yet this amazing career actually started on that March evening in 1894, when he placed his sign in the window.

Minutes later, a knock came on the door. On the threshold stood a man in work-worn overalls. "Come with me, Doctor!" he cried. "Keep Agnes from choking to death like the others. She's got diphtheria too."

"Haven't you had a doctor?" asked Harper.

"Yes, but he had to go out in the country to see other sick children. Agnes is worse. She'll die before he gets back."

Dr. Harper picked up his medicine kit and rode in the father's wagon to a cottage at the town's edge. During the ride, the man told his pathetic story in a low monotone. Two days before, his six-year-old son had choked to death in his arms. The second child, Kitty, had died the day before—strangled, like her brother.

"They say she looked like me," the farmer muttered. "Blue-eyed..."

When Harper entered the cottage, the mother was walking the floor with her baby. In desperate hope the parents looked to the young doctor. But he was powerless. All he could do was stay with them until the baby died—the third death in 48 hours!

As Cornelius walked back to town through the darkness, he could not forget the tragedy of those parents. He said to himself over and over again, just as he says over and over again today, "We must find a way to keep disease from striking. . . ."

Early next morning, calls began pouring in to Harper's office from other frantic parents. Each time he stood by a dying child, he thought of the drug—antitoxin—which he had been reading about. Some doctors

thought it was dangerous; others thought it useless. But antitoxin had worked magical cures! He wished he dared try it.

One day his sister-in-law brought her little daughter from Lancaster to his office. The girl had diphtheria. Already the rasping sound, the clogging phlegm. She would die, unless. . . . He walked to the drug-store and bought the only bottle of antitoxin in Madison.

"My hand trembled so with fear that I could scarcely administer the antitoxin," Dr. Harper recalls. But the child lived. Reassured by her recovery, Cornelius asked the pharmacist to order more antitoxin.

One black night, a call came



from far out in the country—a woman was desperately ill. Harper expected to find one patient, but on a bed lay the woman with her baby—both victims of diphtheria. On the floor lay two young girls—one with her face to the wall. As Harper knelt at her side, she died.

At top speed he bicycled back to town for antitoxin. When he returned to the farm, he picked up the second girl to administer the drug, but she died in his arms. The mother and baby were saved.

The diphtheria epidemic lasted nine months. Sometimes scarlet fever combined with it to make death even more painful. That Christmas, when Cornelius went home, he told his eight brothers and sisters—all older than he but one—that he was giving up medicine. He couldn't stand by helpless while children strangled to death.

But he didn't quit. He had courage inherited from his pioneer parents, Moses and Hester Harper, who had come to Wisconsin from Virginia in 1848. So he returned to Madison, where diphtheria struck again and again. Also there were recurrent epidemics of scarlet fever, typhoid and tuberculosis, all bent on the destruction of youth.

The doctors could battle typhoid, but for the rest there was little to be done. After those fearful diseases had struck, it was too late for medicine. "We must prevent their striking," Harper kept repeating to himself, and to anyone else who would listen.

Finally, in 1902, the Governor of Wisconsin listened, and appointed Harper to the State Board of Health. Two years later he was named Health Officer. But the position car-

ried little salary: the total state health appropriation in 1904 was \$5,500! For six years after Harper became Health Officer, he personally rented offices to house the board. Meanwhile, he was obliged to continue his private medical practice to support his family.

TODAY, WHEN DISEASE prevention is universal, it is hard to comprehend the difficulties that plagued Dr. Harper. Until his day, some scientists believed that disease sprang spontaneously from decaying organic matter and was carried through the air as noxious exhalations. This explained the frequent night burials of children who had died of diphtheria or scarlet fever. For 17 years before Cornelius received his medical degree, the State Health Officer had spent his energy destroying what were considered "breeding places" of disease.

At college, however, young Harper had learned the new bacterial concept of disease. He knew that to safeguard health it was necessary to find those people who were carrying the deadly germs. But to inaugurate such a program would require patience, wisdom, diplomacy and hard work. Many doctors and most laymen would have to be educated to believe in it. What was more, the campaign would prove costly and ever-expanding.

Therefore, when Harper was appointed to the Board of Health in 1902, his first task was to convince the Legislature of the need for large



appropriations. Most of the legislators, echoing their constituents, opposed any increase. Others were apathetic. But Harper kept on teaching, preaching, battling. And in 1911, he got himself elected to the Legislature so that he could work more directly for his goal.

Today, he recalls with sorrow the tragedy of that election year. "Unsafe water and dirty milk everywhere," he says. "More than 5,500 cases of typhoid in Wisconsin and 558 dead from the disease. My job was to convince the vested interests that human life is more precious than profit."

An old Wisconsin resident also recalls those days. "Harper started out doing a two-fisted job," he says. "When necessary, he stood right up to the opposition and named names. However, he won most of his battles by, patiently, intelligently and diligently teaching his state the prevention of disease. He was no bureaucrat—he was a practical idealist."

Shortly after Harper became Health Officer in 1904, he surveyed the inmates of a state insane asylum. He was shocked to find that 13 per cent were there as the result of syphilitic infection. Over a few years, the care of this group had cost the state \$1,375,000.

Harper seized upon this sum as a concrete reason for declaring war on venereal disease. Tremendous opposition arose, for in those days syphilis and gonorrhea were never mentioned under any circumstances. Petitions signed by thousands were sent to Harper, urging him for decency's sake to cease his crusade. He answered every petition, carefully explaining that only by edu-

cation could the diseases be eradicated.

"I intend not only to pronounce these names in public places," he wrote to one protesting clergyman, "but, God giving me time and strength, I intend to call them out from the housetops until this shadow passes from the land."

In 1908, Harper checked on inmates of the State Institute for the Blind at Janesville. Almost half of them were blind or partially blind because of gonorrheal infection. Promptly he ordered that silver nitrate be put in the eyes of all babies at birth, and within a short time gonorrheal blindness became a matter of history in Wisconsin.

"Educate the Public!" was Dr. Harper's eternal slogan. He even succeeded in influencing high-school officials and parents of pupils to initiate classroom lectures not only on venereal diseases but also on sex and marriage. Today, Wisconsin has the lowest venereal disease rate in the United States!

Soon after becoming Health Officer, Harper admits, he made a serious mistake. "One day," he recalls, "a man came into my office with a virulent case of syphilis. After treating him, I watched from my window as he walked to a bench in Capitol Park. I kept watching him. Now and then he would go to the hydrant and take a drink from the community tin cup chained there.

"Soon a group of young girls stopped to drink from the same cup. I ran to the park, tore out that cup and stamped it flat. Next day there was a new cup. I went over and smashed it. The third day there was a new one. I marched back but

two policemen were waiting for the vandal and I didn't touch the cup. That was a terrible mistake. I should have gone ahead and been arrested. The publicity about those dangerous cups would have saved much human misery and hundreds of thousands of dollars to the state."

Instead, Harper tackled the menace through a milder device—a board order forbidding public cups. It brought a storm of protest. While the battle was raging, one economically interested objector came to the board's offices to tell Harper why the people of Wisconsin would not stand for banning of the public cup. He talked on and on, until finally the Doctor interrupted to suggest luncheon.

As they entered the restaurant, Harper noticed a table was being cleared by the waitress. This gave him an idea. He hurried over and asked her not to remove the cups before his guest sat down.

A little later, when the waitress began pouring coffee, the guest cried, "Can't you see these cups have been used?"

Harper spoke up: "They are far safer than the public drinking cup which you claim is harmless. Here's a chance to show that you believe what you say."

The guest capitulated, the waitress brought fresh cups, and Harper had won a big victory.

THE DOCTOR'S WAR ON tuberculosis was as revolutionary as his attack on venereal disease. Today, tuberculosis is recognized as infectious, but when Harper started his health program it was not uncommon for tubercular victims to kiss and caress babies. In one Wis-

consin home, a father lay ill for months, wasting away. After his death, two of his children and a niece died of the disease. Neighbors explained the tragedy by saying "consumption ran in the family," meaning it was hereditary.

Harper knew better. He knew a tubercular patient should be taken from the home to a sanitarium, thus protecting the rest of the family and guaranteeing scientific care for the patient. But when he mentioned a sanitarium, friends and colleagues said it was an impossible dream.

First, the cost would be prohibitive. Second, families would not be so heartless as to send their sick to a public institution. But skepticism could not weaken Harper's determination. By 1905, he had persuaded the Legislature to appropriate \$90,000, and a sanitarium was constructed. Later legislative action permitted counties to build sanitariums. Now there are 20 in Wisconsin, with a bed capacity of 2,172, and tuberculosis deaths have dropped to an all-time low.

All during Harper's long tenure as health officer, opposition to his programs was acute. In 1921, Sheboygan had more than 150 cases of typhoid fever. The doctor ordered chlorine in the new water plant.

"What, put evil-tasting chlorine in drinking water? Not much!" said the town leaders.

Harper went to Sheboygan and invited the leaders to a luncheon discussion. The conversation during the meal was pleasant enough, but later the guests began berating their host. They would not put that awful stuff in their drinking water—order or no order. Harper then informed his guests that they had

been drinking chlorinated water with their meal. They admitted that they hadn't tasted it. So chlorine went in at Sheboygan, and the next year the town had not a single typhoid death.

When an epidemic of scarlet fever broke out in the town of Bloomfield, Harper quarantined a 36-square-mile area, including the city of Genoa Junction. Trains refused to pick up farm produce. The quarantine was costing farmers and businessmen thousands of dollars. They demanded that it be lifted.

Harper's answer was a request to address a public meeting in Bloomfield, to explain how scarlet fever spread and why a quarantine was needed to save children.

"The town officials were worried about a public meeting," Harper says. "They were afraid of a riot. And when I got inside the door, I saw things were ugly indeed. But before I could move up front, someone thrust a note into my hand. A little girl, beloved of the town, had just died of scarlet fever across the street."

Harper read the message aloud. Threatening voices were suddenly stilled. Recalcitrant heads bowed in grief. Then the Doctor continued: "Whoever sent the infected milk that killed that child is guilty of manslaughter!"

No word came from the audience to challenge the accusation. Then Harper told how the disease spread and why quarantine was necessary. The meeting voted to cooperate

fully with him, and in a few days the epidemic was under control.

Many residents of Wisconsin remember the influenza epidemic that swept America in 1918. The average death toll was 284 per 100,000 in population. The rate in Wisconsin was only 126 per 100,000. The reason? Harper shut every school, theater, church and public place in Wisconsin. No other state took such precautions.

TODAY, at 85, CORNELIUS HARPER is straight and vigorous, six feet tall and weighing more than 200 pounds. There is a toughness to his mind but an understanding of all humanity in the intonations of his voice. His gay sense of humor has brought laughter and comfort to the most-desolate sickroom.

Practically every honor possible to his profession has been awarded him. As he hung diplomas in his one-room office in 1894, he could not foresee that 51 years later the University of Wisconsin would give him another—an honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

The people of Wisconsin have proved their confidence in Harper's ability and character. In 1904, the Legislature appropriated \$5,500 for better health. The 1947 budget called for \$1,654,887—a 30,000 per cent increase! Through all those years, authorities have felt there was no more-capable person to whom they might entrust the most-precious asset of the state—the health of its people.

"Dr. Harper Day"—January 31, 1948—ended his 47 years of public-health service to Wisconsin, 39 of which he served as Health Officer. During those years, he created a



dynamic program in Wisconsin which has served as a model for the entire nation.

Also during those years, Dr. Harper has had the devoted companionship of his wife, Elisabeth Bowman—herself a member of a pioneer Wisconsin family—whom he married in 1901. They have one son, Samuel, a Madison surgeon who served in World War II.

People came from all parts of the state and from all walks of life to participate in the Harper Day celebration. There were speeches by the Governor, by noted doctors and scientists from Wisconsin and other states; there were telegrams from all over America and from abroad. There was an impressive souvenir program, which contained this tribute:

"Every baby born in Wisconsin has a better chance of survival because of the public-health program Dr. Harper helped to build. Every man and woman has a longer life span because of something he accomplished."

A few days after the celebration, I was sitting with Dr. and Mrs. Harper in their home. "Aren't you terribly proud?" I asked.

"No," he replied thoughtfully. "I'm just thankful."

I said something about the youthful years of his career.

"Oh, the struggle wasn't too bad," he said. "Of course, those winter months of country school-teaching to get money to go to the University were rugged. Often it was below zero and there was no heat in my room. Pretty hard on my overcoat and my overshoes, but it made me sturdy, I guess. . . ."

Perhaps Dr. Harper's greatest tribute came recently from a poor and lowly woman. Stricken with a severe hemorrhage, she was rushed to a hospital. There she asked for her old family doctor—Dr. Cornelius Harper.

"He has never been too tired or too busy to come when we needed him," she said.

"Dr. Harper has just retired from practice," said the intern. "However, we have other excellent doctors here."

"But I want Dr. Harper," the woman said. "I'm terribly sick. I don't think there's any cure. Dr. Harper has made it easier for me to live—and now he will make it easier for me to die."



Just Playing Safe

A UNION PACIFIC shopman who had been drawn for jury duty insistently asked to be excused. "We're awful busy," he said, "and I really have to be at the shop."

"Are you one of those men who think the Union Pacific can't get

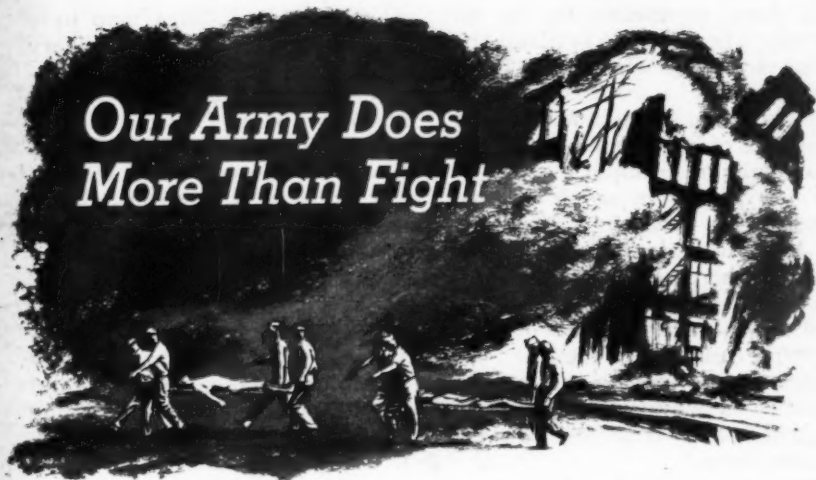
along without them?" the judge inquired acidly.

"It's not that, your Honor," the man retorted. "I know it could get along fine without me—but I don't want my boss to find it out."

He was promptly excused.

—MATT HUDGINS

Our Army Does More Than Fight



by DONALD ROBINSON

Its peacetime services are making everyday life safer and happier for all of us

THE DAY OF THE 1947 FLORIDA Hurricane, tens of thousands of storm-stricken men and women discovered that the U. S. Army does a lot more for its country than fight.

Raging winds were still whirling through the devastated areas when troops swung into action. They set up first-aid stations for the injured, field kitchens for the hungry, and shelters for the homeless. Hundreds of Army men gave up their own beds to make refugees more comfortable.

"Our house was wrecked. We had no place to go. My children were sick and feverish. I do not exaggerate when I say that the Army saved our lives," one mother later wrote to the Pentagon Building.

Only a few weeks before the Florida hurricane, three Canadian harbor pilots were also giving thanks for the U. S. Army. They

were making their way through a rough sea outside St. John's, Newfoundland, when a huge wave capsizeed their boat. Luckily, the Army transport *Maritime Victory* sighted the three men in the churning water. Capt. John J. Symchik maneuvered his ship cross wind, taking the brunt of the crashing waves.

"Lower away!" he ordered.

Down into the angry sea went a lifeboat. One by one, the drenched, exhausted pilots were lifted to safety aboard the transport.

One thousand Boy Scouts en route in 1947 to the annual Jamboree at Moisson, France, found out, too, that the Army does much more than fight. At Camp Kilmer, New Jersey, it housed and entertained the youngsters while they were gathering from all sections of the country. It gave them physical examinations and inoculations, is-

sued Army equipment for use on the trip. Then it made available the Army transport *General Muir* for the voyage.

Today, near Clinton, Mississippi, the Corps of Engineers is giving another striking example of the Army's service to the nation. A huge model of the Mississippi River and all her tributaries has been constructed there. Half a mile long, the model takes in 28 states on a scale of one foot to 2,000.

"With this model," the Engineers say, "we can study visually where and why floods originate, and how best to combat them."

These are just a few of the things the U. S. Army does for the American people, in addition to safeguarding our security. Not long ago, Secretary of the Army Royall was talking about peacetime accomplishments:

"The Army explored and mapped the vast Mississippi basin, the Rocky Mountains area and the Far West and Northwest. Army engineers laid out the trails and guarded the wagon trains which carried our pioneers to the great West. The transcontinental railroads followed routes surveyed by the Army. The Medical Corps wiped out yellow fever, Army engineers built the Panama Canal, and the first Weather Bureau was established by the Signal Corps. This same type of peacetime work is going forward today."

At Edgewater, Maryland, the Chemical Corps is perfecting an inexpensive apparatus for laying heated fog along the ground. Soon the American farmer will no longer fear the effect of frost on crops.

The Chemical Corps men have also compounded a new incendiary mixture that does wonders in exterminating locusts, boll weevils and other pests. Called "friendly flame," the compound is being employed for burning weeds off railroad rights of way, to clear farm land, for removing fire hazards from forests, and to thaw snow and ice on airport runways.



The Signal Corps has developed a stratospheric radio-relay system that will greatly improve home reception, and has created a direction-finding radio set to locate lost aircraft hundreds of miles away.

Recently, it brought out an "optical cane" that permits blind people to spot obstacles within a radius of 20 feet.

Latest Signal Corps accomplishment is a clinical camera to teach future doctors the intricacies of surgery. Sharp enough to catch every flick of the scalpel, the camera takes accurate photographs, regardless of lighting, at speeds up to 1/25,000th of a second. So simple that anyone can operate it, the new device is being adopted by hospitals all over the country.

Then there is the Ordnance Department, whose principal job is producing guns, ammunition and tanks for war. Yet it does much for the civilian population, too. At the White Sands Proving Ground in New Mexico, experts are firing V-2 rockets into the stratosphere. This operation sounds remote from peacetime life, but as one expert says:

"The effects of cosmic rays on life are such that we are learning many new facts about plants and animal breeding. Also, the weather

data gained will aid our farmers and, therefore, influence America's food production."

To aid industry, Ordnance is tapping the secrets of Hitler's laboratories. Together with other Army units, it has brought to the U. S. some 500 German scientists to continue vital research projects started in Germany during the war.

They have designed a high-speed, lightweight Diesel engine that may revolutionize railroad and marine transportation. New methods for fabricating light metals and for producing synthetic petroleum are other Nazi secrets that are being perfected for ultimate use by American business.

Not long ago, Ordnance came up with another amazing development to help industry. Known as ENIAC, it is the largest and fastest computing machine of its kind in existence, with 18,000 vacuum tubes and a speed 1,000 times faster than any other computer.

Soon after the machine was completed, a group of scientists from the Atomic Energy Commission and from many universities journeyed to Aberdeen Proving Grounds in Maryland to see it in operation.

"This may solve one of our biggest headaches. For a long time we've been faced with an enormous mathematical problem in connection with the new atomic bombs. It's so tough that we've had to duck it."

"Why?"

"Because by ordinary mathematical means, it would take 100 years to compute."

"Let us try it," the Ordnance men suggested.

ENIAC solved that atomic problem in just two weeks!

The quartermaster corps has been thinking of civilian needs, too. It has developed an all-purpose soap for use in hard or soft water, even in sea water. Other innovations include waterproof matches that will light after six hours in water, non-rusting tent netting that is ideal for house screens, and a one-pound stove that the QMC says is wonderful for campers.

NO BRANCH OF THE Army has done more for the civilian populace than the Engineers. The Corps has constructed many of our biggest dams, as well as flood-control and irrigation systems. Today it is handling the Missouri Basin program, the Bonneville Dam, and projects to control the Ohio, Arkansas and Red Rivers.

In the field of human health, it was the Army Medical Corps which pioneered in the use of the sulfa drugs, of penicillin, streptomycin and blood plasma. Today, methods evolved in Army hospitals for the rehabilitation of paralysis patients may alter radically the present treatment for this dread disease.

Virus diseases—those illnesses caused by microorganisms too small to be seen through a microscope—are also under attack. Recently, Army doctors discovered a drug which seems to have a specific effect on the Rickettsia, a "bug" that appears to be a connecting link between bacteria and viruses. Ultimately, this may prove to be one of medicine's great findings.

What the Air Force is doing to improve the plane as a fighting weapon is widely known. What is not so well-known is that the Air Force is also working hard to better

civilian air transportation. If its tests with jet-propelled transports succeed, civilian passengers may soon be soaring from coast to coast in five or six hours.

The Army's peacetime service is by no means confined to the technical branches. Combat troops, artillerymen and the like are always on call, whether it be to supply a bugler for a high-school commencement, a color guard for a veteran's funeral, or a crack regiment for a city parade.

In the wooded areas of the Far West and the Northeast, troops are continually prepared to fight forest fires. During the 1947 conflagration at Bar Harbor, Maine, more than 200 soldiers turned out to battle the flames. Other Army men evacuated families in jeeps, while fire-fighting equipment was flown to Maine from the Army General Distribution Depot at Schenectady.

During the floods that swept Oregon last May, hundreds of soldiers bolstered dikes to keep the rampaging Columbia River on its course. In the Texas City disaster in April, 1947, troops did even more spectacular work. Soldiers from near-by Fort Crockett took charge of evacuation of the wounded, set up a system of traffic control and established field kitchens.

In the next ten days, some 450 soldiers of the Fourth Army distributed 21,000 units of medical supplies, 8,000 blankets, 5,000 bathrobes and pajamas, 7,500 mess kits and 1,000 cots, in addition to tents, water cans, flashlights and soap.

Two weeks after the tragedy, Maj. Curtis Trahan called on Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, then Chief of Staff, "to express the deep appreciation of Texas City for the Army's help." Each soldier, Trahan said, "knew just what he had to do—and did it."

Training soldiers "to know what to do and do it" for the people in an emergency is a major Army objective. According to Secretary Royall, the Army has launched a drive to train all its men, and women too, to be "good leaders as well as good followers."

The Pentagon Building puts it this way: "Like the cop on the corner, the Army wants to be and is the people's friend."

Sick people who are benefiting from Army medical discoveries, housewives who are using Army inventions, industrialists who are profiting from Army technical strides, and countless thousands whose lives have been saved by Army disaster work think that the statement is a true and accurate one.

The Fountain of Youth



SEVERAL SEASONS BACK, Walter Damrosch conducted a Wagnerian concert before an all-woman audience. During the intermission, he came out to make a little speech.

"As I gaze down at your youthful, girlish faces," the maestro told the ladies, "I cannot help recognizing many who were present at my first Wagner performance 50 years ago!"

—E. E. EDGAR



EYES IN DARKNESS

Photographs by YOUSUF KARSH

EYES IN DARKNESS

A WORLD interpreted without the miracles of hearing and sight is a world of chaos, having neither beginning nor end. Yet for those stricken by the twin tragedies of deafness and blindness—like Helen Keller, who appears in these inspiring portraits—courage can create in the voids of silence and darkness an inner world, born at the touch of a human hand. Here, sensitive fingers are the only eyes, their communion the only known voice.





What is beauty for those who live in the quiet towers of eternal solitude? Only in the domain of the mind can they enjoy the shape of a tree, the changing color of an evening sky, the whispered music of a running brook.



Yet, with fortitude and patience, these hands can decipher the meaning of a smile, the elusive quality of laughter. At their touch, words come alive, and the pageant of history and the headlines of today slowly unfurl.



What is time for those who have never known the rising and setting of the sun, nor ever heard the measured ticking of a clock? Then an hour may be the duration of a thought, a day that infinite space between the deeper layers of sleep.



And dreams, how rich they are, cloaked in the vivid, imaginative light of reverie! In their fleeting reality there is a glimpse of a wider world—the world that in waking slips away into the labyrinths of memory.



This is a world reaffirmed each day by courage and a shining faith. In these seeing hands lies a miracle beyond dreaming. For they have encompassed a universe, and discovered beauty and order in the realms where chaos seeks to rule.

In a storm over Ohio, it lost a furious battle with the elements

The Wreck of the "Shenandoah"

by JOHN FERRIS

IN THE PREDAWN DARKNESS of September 3, 1925, the skies over eastern Ohio shuddered before the impact of an extraordinarily violent storm. A gale swirled across the vast heavens, churning updrafts of warm air from the earth into eddying struggles of pitiless ferocity. Squalls exploded from all directions, and amid the piercing shrieks of the wind lightning flashes lit up immense black masses of thunderheads.

There was turbulence below, too, but nothing to alarm the inhabitants: this was a normal September storm. In fact, the countryside slept through the disturbance, unaware until daylight that a terrible drama had been enacted in the skies.

In the center of the concentrated fury overhead, the U. S. Navy dirigible *Shenandoah* had fought—and lost—a prolonged and desperate battle with the elements. The "Lovely Daughter of the Skies," as her Indian name was translated, had been broken and crushed. Of 43 men aboard, 14 had perished, among them Lieut. Commr.



Zachary Lansdowne, commanding officer and brilliant lighter-than-air expert, whose forebodings of disaster merely heightened the tragedy.

If the nation was stunned, the shock was hardly lessened by the knowledge that politics had been a factor in sending the *Shenandoah* to an untimely death. At the end of World War I, the Navy had developed an astonishing interest in rigid airships. Its first big dirigible

was the German-built *Los Angeles*, acquired by the U.S. government in reparations.

In 1919, construction of the *Shenandoah* was begun at the Naval Air Station at Lakehurst, New Jersey. Completed in 1923 at a cost of \$2,200,000, the Duraluminum craft was 680 feet long and 78 in diameter. Its gondola or control car was attached to the underside of the nose; its great gasbags were inflated with noninflammable helium.

In the next two years, the *Shenandoah* logged 740 air hours and 25,835 ground miles, including a flight to California and return by a southern route. Meanwhile the Navy was bombarded with requests to send a dirigible to the Midwest to fly over various cities and fairs. The Navy favored such a flight, hoping to please Midwesterners who, living inland, frequently objected to large Navy appropriations.

First, the *Los Angeles* was ordered to fly to Minneapolis in June, but en route she turned back because of engine trouble. Thereupon Lansdowne was ordered to prepare the *Shenandoah* for the flight. He wrote his superiors in Washington, recommending a delay until the danger of summer storms had passed. Lansdowne was almost morbidly aware of the perils of such a long flight at that time of year. However, he was called to Washington for consultation, and finally the September date was agreed upon.

On the afternoon of the 2nd, the *Shenandoah* floated at her mast in Lakehurst. At exactly 2:52 o'clock, the great silvery ship headed westward. It passed, with purring engines, over Philadelphia. Flight routine settled on the ship. At 9:30 P.M.

the radioman noted Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, passing below "like a picture under a Christmas tree."

From time to time he made entries:

"1:55 A.M.: Pass over Wheeling and cross the Ohio River, being greeted with whistles and bells . . . red flares set off on top of high hill.

"2:10 A.M.: . . . Lightning flashes ahead. . . .

"2:30 A.M.: Strike strong head winds and see storms both to northwest and southwest. Believe we can ride them without any trouble and bear straight westward.

"3:15 A.M.: Storm increases in intensity and ship pitches heavily.

"3:50 A.M.: Storm worst we have ever encountered to date. . . ."

IN THE CONTROL CAR, Lansdowne spotted a black thundercloud ahead and ordered the ship turned south. Standing beside him, Lieut. Commdr. Charles E. Rosendahl and the aerological officer, Lieut. J. B. Anderson, watched lightning dance in the sky. Then the moon broke palely through ragged clouds. The thunderhead lay behind as they again headed west, but the air grew rougher.

Sleep was out of the question as the big ship pitched and rolled, shooting nose down, then leaping upward or heeling over under blasts that made the giant frame vibrate. At 4:55 A.M., Lansdowne ordered the men in the gondola pit to the catwalk—the long narrow footpath which traversed the length of the dirigible—to help trim ship. The wind's violence had mounted, but Lansdowne was confident the *Shenandoah* could live through the strain.

At 5:20, the engines were turning



over at 40 knots but the ship was making no headway against the 70-mile-an-hour gale. Suddenly, Ruderman Everett P. Allen shouted that the ship was rising beyond control. Lansdowne knew that they had hit a line squall.

In eight minutes, the ship had soared from 1,800 to 3,150 feet. Again she rose, nose almost vertical. The men on the catwalk and in hammocks and berths hung on for their lives. At 3,300 feet the craft leveled off and dropped to 3,000.

Lansdowne ordered the valves opened to release helium. Again the ship lurched and started upwards. Men, clinging to the framework, could feel the girders trembling. In the control room, Anderson watched the altimeter pass the 6,000-foot mark. Their ceiling was 7,000. At that point the expanding gasbags would certainly break up the ship.

Mercifully, the *Shenandoah* leveled off under 7,000 feet. For two minutes she remained poised and almost motionless. The men relaxed.

Next moment the ship heeled to port and began plunging earthward dizzily to what seemed a certain crash. For three minutes they dived; then the nose came up. They had dropped 3,000 feet in three minutes. Lansdowne ordered Rosendahl aft to see if they were ready to slip the fuel tanks, and an instant later told Anderson to follow.

As they climbed into the hull, the ship began spinning counterclockwise on its keel, then lifted its nose and shot upward. Girders groaned

and wires snapped. Then came a crunching, sickening roar as the girders parted. The ship had broken in two. Another rending crash and the control car plunged earthwards, carrying Lansdowne and seven other men to death.

Rosendahl saw three men close by. Three others answered his shouts. With careful manipulation of the gas valves, they might save themselves by handling the broken foresection as a free balloon.

In the aft section, Lieut. Edgar W. Sheppard and an aviation rigger named Solar saw Rosendahl's section float upwards and away like an inverted cone. They themselves were falling. Sheppard turned to help a machinist's mate climb from the ladder of a power car. The supports suddenly snapped and the man dangled in mid-air. Sheppard pulled him aboard, but lost his own life a moment later when the girder to which he clung snapped, hurling him free of the ship.

Solar and John Hahn, the cook, scrambled towards the top of the framework. Another grinding roar and 80 feet of the section broke loose and started earthward. Four men in the power car died as they hit the ground; the others lived.

The rear section, 450 feet long, fell steadily but the helium gave it buoyancy and instead of striking the ground it was swept along over treetops. As the gas flowed out, it gradually lost its lift. The 19 men on board began dropping off. All escaped without serious injury.

Meanwhile, Rosendahl and the six others floated along in the 150-foot nose section, spinning slowly as the men valved gas to settle their share of the wreck. For ten miles

they drifted, coming finally so close to the earth they could shout at farmers to grab the dangling cables. Two men seized the ropes but were dragged along.

The final act in the drama came when a neighbor telephoned Ernest Nichols, a farmer, that an airship was headed his way and the crew aboard wanted him to stop it. Nichols grabbed a line as the bag headed for his house. He took a cable turn on a fence post. The post came free. A stump was uprooted next. Then he got a turn on

a tree and the big nose held fast—12 miles from the point where it had broken loose.

Within an hour the countryside was swarming with souvenir hunters who stripped the wreckage and made a holiday of the grim tragedy. Back in Lakehurst, Navy wives and children heard the terrible news calmly. Then the Navy ordered an inquiry. The board's conclusions:

No blame could be attached to officers or crew, or to bad construction. The fault, said the board, lay with the weather.

Window to the Mountains



SOME MONTHS AGO when we were remodeling an old house on the west slope of San Juan range in Colorado, I was anxious to bring the gorgeous mountain view into our front room. So I ordered a huge, modern casement window from Denver.

When I showed it to the old handy man who was helping us with the carpentry work he was silent and disapproving. He listened with a marked lack of enthusiasm as I explained in minute detail how I wished it installed. However, I put his reluctance down to unfamiliarity with this modern steel-and-glass contraption and gave it no more thought.

But when he came to me a few hours later saying he'd thought it over and simply refused to install the casement window, I became angry and spoke my mind. The old man waited quietly until I paused for breath. When he spoke his voice was low and gentle.

"Old houses are like old folks,

ma'am," he said. "You can't change them only so far. There's no use studying how to make young'ns out of them when they've got set in their ways. Now this house and me—we're sort of alike. It's no more fitting to try putting that newfangled window in this house than it would be for me to put on a pair of college-boy pants."

He waited for me to object, but I was considering the wisdom of his words. Finally he walked across the room and pointed to the wall which faced the mountains.

"Instead of putting that fancy window here," he said persuasively, "why don't I just take out the wall clear across and halfway down, put in plenty of glass set fast with good, clean wood. That way, it will rest easy on the house."

Today I get a little thrill of pleasure each time I look out that broad, unbroken expanse of glass to the far mountains. Somehow, the old man's window is perfect for our living room. I guess it just rests easy on the house. —LEE HART

The Urban League works quietly but effectively to break down color barriers

The Answer to the "Negro Problem"

by ROGER WILLIAM RHIS

WHAT IF HE WAS a veteran? What if he was young and physically fit? What if he had a service decoration from the war and, back of that, a university engineering degree? Corporations were clamoring for men with just his abilities. But—he was a Negro.

For months he had answered want ads and pounded pavements. Everywhere he met refusals, some polite, some harsh. Then at last he wandered into the office of the Cleveland Urban League.

With the backing of this outpost of a great national organization, he was able to take a competitive examination for an engineering job with the local transit company. The only Negro entrant, he made the highest grade of all—98.2—and landed the job. Three months later, he got his first promotion.

You can call this a single instance of a single person. Or you can see it as one of thousands of instances in which obstructions have been cleared away, ability has been given an open channel to follow, and community and national interests have been served.

At one time during the recent war, our efforts in the Pacific ran into a menacing threat. In Guam, in Honolulu, in San Francisco, race



riots in the Navy were imminent. Here was the danger of real trouble, which the Japanese would have welcomed gleefully.

Acting quickly, Secretary of the Navy Forrestal called to Washington the executive secretary of the National Urban League, Lester B. Granger, a Negro. After earnest discussion, Forrestal made history: he gave Granger a sweeping commission as his personal representative, and put a Navy plane, crew and escort at his disposal.

With Harry McAlpin, Negro newspaper editor, and Matthew Bullock, Negro attorney, Granger flew 60,000 miles and visited 100,000 Negroes stationed in the U. S. and at posts throughout the Pacific;

there were two tangible results. When Granger got back to Pearl Harbor, the commanding officer greeted him warmly.

"Glad to have you aboard!" he said. "It's been a different ship since you came the first time."

And when Granger got back to Washington, the President gave him the Medal for Merit, highest of civilian honors. Few individuals during the war had made a greater contribution to victory.

THESE STORIES ARE typical of the quiet, healing work of the least-publicized and oldest organization in the field of Negro-white relations. "American Teamwork Works!" is the slogan of the National Urban League. Serving this ideal, it has grown from a pioneer committee in 1906 to a giant organization with autonomous, locally financed Leagues in 57 cities, putting a total of more than \$1,250,000 annually into the efforts of 230 professional staff members.

Today, the Leagues serving the largest number of Negroes are in Washington, Los Angeles, Chicago, Pittsburgh and New York.

The handful of men and women of the 1906 group—the Committee for Improving the Industrial Conditions of Negroes—took permanent form four years later under the leadership of Mrs. Ruth Standish Baldwin. But today, more than 3,000 citizens, white and Negro, leaders in their communities, direct the work of the League boards.

In New York headquarters at 1133 Broadway, 35 full-time workers carry on the complicated functions of leadership in a field where leadership demands firmness, tact,

tolerance and understanding on the one hand, and unswerving allegiance to a cause on the other.

The League never thinks of itself as a "Negro organization," or as an organization working on the "Negro problem." It represents the best interests of Americans, white and Negro, liberal and conservative, labor and management.

The great secret which the League uses is this: when people work side by side on a project which matters to them, they forget the color of the next man's skin. A white carpenter in Indianapolis noted this with surprise. "Five minutes after I started sandpapering beside Joe, his arms and mine had become the same color—the grayish color of sandpaper dust. It was the color of the job."

Therefore, the League believes that the more numerous and diverse the opportunities for the two races to work together, the more easily does friction vanish. That is why the League has registered innumerable advances everywhere. In 1947, it placed 35,536 Negro workers in jobs. And for the first time, 1,052 employers used Negro workers.

The American public remembers the recent school strike in Gary, Indiana. Back of it was the real-estate interest of adults who feared Negro infiltration into their district. Eagerly the children seized upon the idea of staying home from school "because of Negroes in classes." Feeling rose high, and the situation became touchy.

The League was early on the job. Avoiding publicity, making no embittering statements, compiling data not on Negro education but on community education, not on Negro

health but on community health, the League soothed hot tempers and drew civic organizations together in pride of the city's good name. To the new idea, men and women rallied—the ministers, the union leaders, the publisher and staff of the *Gary Post-Tribune*, the Chamber of Commerce. Instead of race riots, Gary had peace.

Knowing that prevention is far better than cure, the League's ambassadors last year visited 111 cities, not as "do-gooders" but as trained social experts. In many cases they were pursuing the Community Relations Project which the Rockefeller General Education Board financed with \$110,000. In 13 cities, South and North, they set up comprehensive programs for community teamwork.

In Columbus, civic leaders were disturbed over the large number of Negroes coming into police courts. Ninety per cent of them were newcomers to town, strangers to urban life. So the League created the Friendly Service Bureau. The city fathers said it was "phenomenally successful," and made it a permanent department of the police bureau. The Negro crime rate dropped 50 per cent. Police of 41 other cities have copied the Columbus method.

Probably no achievement is brighter than Sydenham Hospital in New York, governed and staffed by a wholly interracial personnel, dispensing healing to all. When the hospital recently faced financial straits, the people of Manhattan poured in dollars to keep the institution active.

A hospital in Tampa, Florida, is

another instance. Weary of inferior, second-rate facilities, the League there spearheaded the drive to raise \$200,000 to build a hospital of 66 beds and manned it with an all-Negro staff of 41.

In Atlanta, a study by the League revealed that there was one school for every 860 white children, and one school for every 2,000 Negro children. There were no picket lines, no denunciations—simply facts. Result: the appropriation for Negro schools was raised from one to four million dollars.

In Elizabeth, New Jersey, a new playground; in Phoenix, Arizona, a barbers' college; in Springfield, Illinois, the Carver Trade School; in Minneapolis, the Human Relations Council led by the churches; in Chicago, the South Central Association and the Principals' Luncheon Group, two interracial civic organizations—all these created by the League.

Fort Worth, Texas, is proud of its Carver Health Center, treating 3,000 children a year; Lincoln, Nebraska, of its annual Back-yard Cleanup Contest which has brightened 90 per cent of the dismal yards; Buffalo, of the Board of Community Relations, so good that it has become a regular part of the city government; Providence, of its voluntary Fair Employment Practice Committee.

"These people," says Edgar Ray, managing editor of the *Tampa Times*, "are doers, not protesters. They are opening long-closed minds. Their work should be measured by the hearts and consciences it has touched."

In recent years, the League's



vocational experts have been busy. In Flint, Michigan, the first Negro schoolteachers; in Gary, two Negro doctors in the top hospital; in Minneapolis, teachers, bakers, draftsmen; in Grand Rapids, a registered pharmacist; in two score cities, telephone operators and technicians; in dozens of other cities, salesgirls in department stores. And with every job, a new door opened in the field of good will.

HAS THERE NEVER BEEN a failure? Yes, in a short-range sense. The League has been rebuffed before it could start in one or two cities. In others, it has begun with personnel not big enough for the job, and then work has lagged until the national office in New York could take corrective action. But in long-range terms, the League does not admit to permanent failure. If it stumbles today, it advances confidently tomorrow.

The League's secretary, Lester Granger, is an outstanding citizen. His father was a Negro physician, his mother a Negro schoolteacher. Lester was one of six sons: four were graduated from Dartmouth, two from the University of Pennsylvania; all but Lester went successfully into medicine. Dartmouth, proud of her Granger alumni, recently gave Lester the degree of Doctor of Humane Letters.

Granger is backed by a board headed by Lloyd K. Garrison, great-grandson of the famous Abolitionist, and by active committee members like William Green, Joe Louis, Philip Murray, Langston Hughes, Mary McLeod Bethune, Pearl Buck and Bruce Barton.

Clearer symbol of the League is its Two Friends Award. This goes to the outstanding instance in which a white and a Negro, working together as friends, create something of distinct value to the community. The 1948 Award went to Branch Rickey and Jackie Robinson, whose friendship has made Brooklyn baseball fans happy.

There are, the League knows, two ways of "establishing the rights" of minorities. One is by mass meeting, picket line and clamor for laws. But this may stiffen opposition, sharpen hostilities. The League prefers to hold out the hand of friendship. This is slow, but it builds and grows.

Elder statesman in this field, Eugene K. Jones, the League's executive secretary for 30 years, sees the advances that Americans have achieved. Still active in the League, Jones is refreshingly optimistic.

"Looking forward, it's a long, long road. But take a look backward, and you'll see that we have come a long, long way toward American teamwork!"

A Good



Guess

GEORGE WAS VAIN—and he had it coming to him when he dropped his guard with Dorothy. "Honey," he said, "I've bought

something for the one I love best. Guess what?"

Guessed Dorothy: "A box of cigars?"

—FORREST BIRELY



Maestro of the Music Hall

He's a genial host and an expert at picking winners for the world's largest theater

by HENRY D. STEINMETZ

ON A RECENT VISIT to New York, an Iowa schoolteacher dropped in at Radio City Music Hall. At the ticket window she suddenly discovered that her purse contained only a few coins. As she turned disconsolately away, a genial, courteous man took her by the arm and escorted her to a choice seat.

"Enjoy the show," he told her pleasantly. "This one's on the management."

To Gustave Sauer Eyssell, president of the world's largest theater, nothing is too good for the folks

from out of town. Of the Music Hall's 8,000,000 annual patrons, he estimates that close to half are tourists. Gus makes a point of giving them, in entertainment and atmosphere, something to talk about back home.

But Eyssell admits that you can carry a good thing too far—even hospitality. Free admissions are not a regular feature of the house, despite his gesture to the Iowa teacher—or the even greater largess distributed some years ago by a young Rockefeller Center employee named Gregory Peck.

The then-unknown actor, hold-

ing down a bread-and-butter job as a Radio City guide, herded a group of sight-seers into the Music Hall mezzanine for a glimpse of the stage show. While they watched, Peck fell asleep. By the time he awakened, his grateful charges had taken in most of the performance.

"We are glad Greg made good in Hollywood," Gus says with a grin. "If he'd stayed around here, he might have busted us."

There seems little danger, under Eyssell's experienced hand, of the Music Hall going broke. Gus was still in Kansas City high school when he landed his first theatrical job in a suburban movie house. He kept the books, sold tickets, wrote ads, carried film, and relieved the projectionist at mealtimes. It was the beginning of more than 30 years' practical observation of what people like in amusement fare.

A few years after completing school, Gus became manager of the Newman Theater, the city's largest. Then he moved to Los Angeles, where he ran the Million Dollar Theater, and finally was sent by Paramount Publix to New York, to take charge of its biggest Manhattan and Brooklyn houses. This was in 1932, about the time the Music Hall opened.

The Hall was having rough going. Starting as a vaudeville house managed by the late "Roxy" Rothafel, it floundered under the onus of a poor show within and the Depression without. Soon Roxy retired, and RKO-Radio Pictures, lease operators of the theater, sank into receivership. The Rockefeller interests installed W. G. Van Schmus as manager of the Music Hall; and when he died in 1942,

Gus, his assistant, succeeded to the title.

In show business, a Music Hall premiere is considered the best success insurance a motion picture can have. The answer lies chiefly in Gus' established ability to pick "boffolas," or supersmash hits. The maestro, however, has no secret system for picking screen winners. What rules he does follow are few and simple:

First, folks like variety, so tear jerkers or Western films should be alternated with comedies and musicals. Second, good wholesome "family pix" are in order for the Christmas and Easter holidays. Third, a film that is faithfully reproduced from a popular novel is practically sure-fire, having a ready-made market.

Apart from pictures, the Music Hall's drawing power stems largely from spectacular stage shows. In these, too, Eyssell is the guiding genius. With each new movie he turns out a footlight extravaganza designed to complement the film. That is, he uses a light and giddy stage bill to balance heavy drama on the screen, or vice versa. To accompany the Hall's first Technicolor picture, he dreamed up a stage offering of unrelieved black and white.

Preparing a new show is an elaborate, painstaking affair. Gus goes into a huddle with staff associates Leon Leonidoff (senior producer), Russell Markert (director of the Rockettes), and Florence Rogge (ballet director). As the production takes shape, orchestra director Alexander Smallens is consulted on the score, while art director Bruno Maine designs settings



on a miniature replica of the Music Hall stage.

When the three-ton curtain goes up on the Great Stage itself, only a few feet narrower than a football field, opening-day patrons can expect most anything. In a combination musical revue, vaudeville show, ballet recital and grand pageant, up to 300 performers appear amidst breath-taking splendor and an array of props that have included everything from an Oriental camel train to a hovering Sikorsky helicopter.

For such lavish perennials as "Glory to Easter" and "The Nativity," the 6,200-seat house is invariably packed. It is not uncommon for holiday seats to be reserved a year in advance, and the general-admission ticket line has been known to extend a quarter of a mile.

Year-round favorites, of course, are the Rockettes, famed precision dancers. To illustrate their worldwide renown, Gus likes to tell about the time he took the troupe to the Paris Exposition of 1937. When they arrived at Le Havre, he went ashore to have passports okayed, but immigration officials said the girls couldn't land without special permission of the *Chef de Bureau* in Paris.

Gus spent hours on the phone, without result. The Parisian office could only report that the boss was away on a state mission of grave importance. Convinced that the French Government was giving him the run-around, Gus returned gloomily to the ship. In the cocktail lounge he found his rollicking Rock-

ettes, and in their midst, treating all to champagne, the *Chef de Bureau*.

Round-faced, bespectacled and mild-mannered, the Radio City showman often puts in a 14-hour day at his job, from mid-morning till after the last show at night. He personally answers all mail, including the inevitable crank letters, checks the house at frequent intervals, and mingles with crowds in the lobby to pick up chance remarks about the show.

Much of his time goes to keeping up with Hollywood's latest offerings, run off months before release in his backstage preview room. Here he welcomes any and all of his staff, numbering nearly 700, from balerinas and box-office attendants to choral singers and house cleaners. Their admission price: filling out a questionnaire on the picture, including an opinion of its suitability for the Music Hall.

Each Monday, in the light of week-end business, Gus decides whether to hold the theater's current film attraction over for another week. If it is thumbs down, he and his executives go into high gear, preparing and publicizing the new bill to be installed Thursday. On opening day a final dress rehearsal of the stage show is held at 8 A.M.

AT ONE TIME OR ANOTHER, most of the world's great have visited the Music Hall. In an impressive reception studio, directly above the cavernous dome of the auditorium, Gus keeps a guest book in which repose the signatures of people like

Mme. Chiang Kai-shek, Gary Cooper, Babe Ruth, Lana Turner, Al Smith, Molotov, Wendell Willkie, the King of Siam, Greta Garbo and many others.

Gus tells of a couple of British newspapermen he once showed through the Music Hall. Impressed but unexcited, they admitted the place was "roomy." Finally he displayed the guest book, crammed with important names and titles. The Britons remained calm until one of them suddenly burst out: "By Jove, here's Wallie Windsor!"

Guiding visitors around the premises always gives Gus a kick. Invariably they are awed by such things as the great organ, requiring eight rooms to house its pipes, or the massive band wagon, which lifts 75 musicians from subbasement to stage level, and can then propel them 60 feet in-stage if the orchestra is incorporated in the show. Elsewhere in the theater are dressing rooms for 600 performers, a hospital, staff restaurant, dormitory for Rockettes and ballet girls, landscaped recreation roof, lounge and game room, broadcasting studio, and mirror-lined rehearsal rooms.

Cleaning the house is a prodigious task made relatively simple by means of built-in suction tubes, with baseboard outlets, emptying into big dust bins in the basement. Once, when the lobby was jammed with people, a woman lost three diamonds from a ring. Her husband begged Eyssell to get rid of the crowd so they could search for the stones. Instead, Gus merely had the dust strained at the bins next morning. The gems were screened out.

The Music Hall boss is especially proud of his staff. It's always how "we" run the theater, never "I." His employees are "associates," and from top to bottom he has instilled in them a sense of participation in the house's management.

Not long ago, a teen-age page boy, only a few days on the job, was escorting a group of guests on a tour of the Hall. They stopped at one rehearsal room, where the ballet troupe was preparing for the next show.

"It will be one of our best," the youngster assured the visitors. "We are all giving it our closest attention."

Gus smiled broadly over that one—a smile of pride and satisfaction.

False Alarm

IT HAPPENED IN Winnetka, Illinois. A policeman came to my door one day. Would I please telephone headquarters and ask that a squad car be sent at once? A masked man was in the house across the street, and the policeman wanted to stay outside and keep an eye on him until reinforcements arrived. The squad car came, the policemen



advanced upon the house in a body, and the masked man unmasked. Quite cheerfully, too. He was the owner of the house, and he was cleaning out his fireplace.

Why was he wearing the handkerchief mask? "You'd wear one, too," he told his armed callers, "if you were allergic to house dust, like I am."

—ELISA BIALK in *Household Magazine*

TRY THIS ONE FOR SIZE



Do you have trouble remembering your shoe or neck sizes? If so, this quiz will really baffle you. But don't stop here. Try your talents on identifying the sizes of various articles which you see or handle every day. Listed here are 25 different sizes and types. Each matches an article in the right-hand column. Link them up and check your score. Get 20 correct and win a sizable victory. Less than 12 right should send you running for the yardstick. Answers on page 141.

1 2 x 4	A Flashlight
2 7½	B Umbrella
3 18	C Radio
4 6.00-16	D Shoes
5 6d	E Watch
6 11 oz.	F Motor
7 60 watt	G Lumber
8 16 rib	H Baby clothes
9 35 mm	I Auto tire
10 4 hp	J Gold
11 30 amps	K Drinking glass
12 50	L Rake
13 3 cell	M Women's hose
14 6 months	N Hat
15 8A	O Rifle
16 32-30	P Typing paper
17 15½-33	Q Screen
18 8½ x 11	R Fuse plug
19 5 tube	S Trousers
20 16 mesh	T Light bulb
21 51 gauge	U Movie film
22 14K	V Thread
23 30-06	W Dress
24 18 tine	X Shirt
25 21 jewel	Y Nails

Nevada's Flying Sheriffs



They take to the air at a moment's notice to find a lost child or catch a desperado

by VIVIEN B. KEATLEY

"**F**IND MY BUDDY," young Bob Birnie of Los Angeles mumbled through parched lips.

It was August on the Nevada desert. Bob had stumbled through cactus and greasewood, down mountains and up ledges, for two days and a night. The two-passenger plane he and Gene Timpe were flying from Los Angeles had crashed on a Saturday afternoon. It was late Monday before Bob managed to reach a little-traveled road in the

southwestern part of the state.

Just before dark a truck approached. "What's the trouble, bud?" asked Frank Williams, a rancher from Sandy, Nevada.

"Our plane crashed—two nights ago," said the blood-stained youth. "Gene is still at the wreck. He's hurt bad."

"So are you," Williams said gruffly, helping the boy into the truck. "I'll take you to the hospital and then our sheriff's posse will find your buddy."

Bob Birnie was delivered to the

Clark County Hospital in Las Vegas, suffering from loss of blood, exposure and thirst. What happened afterward is now routine for Clark County's Johnny Lytle, deputy sheriff and commander of its Aero Squadron.

Before dawn the first planes took off. By the time daylight came, the wrecked craft was located. There was no sign of life. It was learned later that Gene had decided to walk in, too. He was found 20 miles from the wreck, located by signal flashes from the mirror he luckily was carrying.

The rescue pilot acknowledged the flashes, wrote a message and dropped it to members of the Sheriff's Mounted Posse who were riding to the plane. Gene's rescue was then only a matter of minutes.

In 1942, when Carole Lombard was killed in a plane crash in this area, the wreckage could not be reached by horsemen until late next day. Meantime, Clark Gable and relatives of others on the plane spent tragic hours wondering if crash victims lay injured and in need of help.

Today, details of the wreck would have been known by radio within a few minutes. A member of the Aero Squadron would have flown over to drop a parachuting first-aider, equipped with a walkie-talkie. Promptly he would have ordered whatever was needed, from a flying doctor to emergency rations.

This southwestern corner of Nevada, home of the Aero Squadron, is as rugged as any section of the nation. Its 7,927 square miles of mountainous desert are known as Southern California's "back-yard playground." Peaks tower 12,000

feet in Clark County, and some of the ledges are 3,000 feet straight up—or down. Much of the area is inaccessible by car; even sure-footed horses can't make it, and only experienced mountain climbers manage to get through.

Searching for lost planes, lost people or escaping desperados is virtually futile—unless planes are used, a lot of them. And on the waterless desert, wanderers must be found in a hurry.

"My daughter is lost," a mother cried into the telephone of Sheriff Glen Jones one afternoon. "She's only six. Please—please find her!"

The caller lived in Henderson, a desert town that mushroomed when magnesium industries located there during the war. The child had been lost since morning. Someone remembered seeing her and her dog heading across an open field away from town.

Neighbors had been searching for her ever since, but they knew that even a grown person can quickly be lost to sight in greasewood and cactus. It was already mid-afternoon, four hours before darkness.

Sheriff Jones spoke calmly to the mother. "You go home," he told her. "I'll be there in twenty minutes. We'll find your little girl. The Aero Squadron will be looking for her before I arrive."

Squadron Commander Lytle was on his phone before Jones' radio-equipped car roared away. Within ten minutes, a dozen planes on three airfields near Las Vegas were warming up. Lytle was already in the air. The first-aid parachutist was a passenger in one plane; a "flying doctor" was standing by.

By the time the aircraft were

over Henderson, Jones had all the information on the girl's disappearance. He radioed it to the planes, which fanned out in tree-topping formation. A little girl isn't particularly easy to see from an airplane, especially if she has curled up under a mesquite tree to rest. But soon, one of the pilots saw her dog, running around and barking at the low-flying plane.

He circled lower and spotted the child. She waved at him; he waved back and then spoke into his radio.

Lytle called off the search. Sheriff Jones got out of his car and walked towards the tense crowd gathered near the child's home. Even before he spoke, everyone knew from his smile that she had been found and was safe.

"Thank God!" the mother sobbed. And the relieved crowd echoed her words.

Only the parents of a sick child on a ranch 100 miles from the nearest doctor know what it means to have the Flying Sheriffs on call. Today, no isolated ranch is more than 30 minutes from medical attention or flying ambulance service, after a call to the sheriff's office is put through.

Not long ago, Randy Leavitt, eight-year-old son of a Las Vegas, was playing "a sort of game of golf" with a companion. A ball struck Randy in the head. He collapsed. Dr. Stanley Hardy, the family physician, was called.

"I'm afraid it's a severe skull fracture," Dr. Hardy said. "How fast can we get him to Los Angeles and a brain surgeon?"

An hour and 45 minutes later, the boy was being successfully operated on in Los Angeles, 292 miles

away. His mother and Dr. Hardy were with him. They were flown to Los Angeles by Ray Lundy, owner of a Las Vegas garage and member of the board of governors of the Aero Squadron.

When Lundy's plane put down at Lockheed Air Terminal in Burbank, an ambulance was waiting. A fast run was made to the hospital where the operating room was

ready. Dr. Hardy's friend, a brain surgeon, was standing by. But it was all in the day's



work for the Aero Squadron, whose 44 members, with 25 privately owned planes, are always on call for emergencies.

Because the president of Bonanza Air Lines is squadron member Ed Converse, his whole outfit is also at the sheriff's disposal, including C-47s and DC-3s with commercial pilots, as well as the air line's radio equipment and repair facilities. Parachuting fire fighters and equipment to a forest fire is no trick at all for the squadron, probably the only one in the country with an entire air line at its beck and call. The organization even has access to an amphibian.

If this seems like a peculiar piece of equipment for a desert air group, remember that Lake Mead, the world's largest artificial lake, is mostly in Clark County. Many a fisherman whose boat capsizes during a storm is mighty thankful that an amphibian is on call. It can search the lake a lot faster than a rescue boat can.

About the only people who aren't happy about the Aero Squadron

are bank robbers or escaping convicts. There are only a few main roads in the country, and a road block was always effective in stopping anyone getting away by car. But if a bandit were a smart horseman, he could take to the hills—and safety. Not any more. A man on horseback, or walking, hasn't a prayer once the Flying Sheriffs get on his trail.

The Aero Squadron is an up-to-date version of the famed Mounted Sheriff's Posse, a distinguished hang-over from the days of the vigilantes. Clark County has always had a mounted posse. Limited to 50 members, the county's civic leaders, each owns a horse and is ready to ride when called. They work without pay whether they are controlling a riot or searching the mountains for a lost prospector.

In Clark County, the horsemen

cooperate with the airmen, and between them there is little they can't do in the way of rescue or detection work. When trouble is located from the air and transportation can't be arranged by ambulance plane, the mounted posse goes to the scene. Some of its horses are loaded into a trailer pulled by a four-wheel-drive weapons carrier that can get through mighty rugged country. And when the carrier can go no further, posse members saddle their horses and ride in.

In the old days, pioneers out West learned that you had to take care of your own. A century ago, grim-faced men reached for their saddles and spurs. Today, Johnny Lytle reaches for his phone, and Nevada's flying sheriffs take to the air. They not only find people in trouble—they find them in time to "bring 'em out alive."

Answers to Coronet Quick Quizzes

Choose Your Weapon

(Quiz on Page 69)

1. Mollie Pitcher; 2. David; 3. Zeus; 4. Captain Ahab; 5. Long John Silver; 6. Lizzie Borden; 7. Rip Van Winkle; 8. D'Artagnan; 9. Maj. Thomas W. Ferebee; 10. Robin Hood; 11. Samson; 12. Lucrezia Borgia.

Try This One for Size

(Quiz on Page 137)

1. g; 2. n; 3. w; 4. i; 5. y; 6. k; 7. t; 8. b; 9. u; 10. f; 11. r; 12. v; 13. a; 14. h; 15. d; 16. s; 17. x; 18. p; 19. c; 20. q; 21. m; 22. j; 23. o; 24. 1; 25. e.

The Black Magic of COAL

by NORMAN CARLISLE



Its miraculous by-products range from lifesaving drugs to dyes and perfumes!

I PICKED UP THE SPOON with the smooth yellow pat in it. I looked at the pat, smelled it, finally put it in my mouth. "You can't fool me," I said. "This is butter."

The chemist grinned. "You're right," he said. "It's butter. Only this 'butter' was made from coal!"

Tasting a food made from coal was just one of the amazing experiences that occurred when I visited some of America's great research laboratories to track down the story of this chemical wonder-worker. Certainly I was not prepared for the black magic that I found at the pharmaceutical houses, at big industrial chemical concerns, and at the Battelle Memorial Institute in Columbus, Ohio, where Bituminous Coal Research, Inc., sponsors many projects.

Just glance around to see what the scientific magicians have done with those commonplace lumps of black material. No coal in sight? Maybe not, but there is plenty of coal in forms you wouldn't recognize. You are wearing coal—in the

dyes that gave your clothing color. You eat coal, in the form of flavors and vitamins. If you are a woman, you use it in the form of perfumes and cosmetics.

It is in your refrigerator, where a magic chemical made from coal turns heat into cold. It is in your telephone instrument, which is made from a coal plastic. If you have a headache, you likely relieve it with aspirin, which is partially derived from coal. The dentist makes your visits less painful by using novocain, another coal product.

You can thank coal for your modern car. The steel body is there because coal plays a vital part in steelmaking; the safety glass is shatterproof because chemists have figured a way to make coal into a transparent plastic. The fluid in the hydraulic brakes, the antifreeze in your radiator, and the synthetic rubber in your tires all come from that same black magic. Some day, you will even drive your car on gasoline made from coal.

And that is only a small start

toward a staggering list. Fantastic as it may seem, the chemists have succeeded in creating more than 200,000 different products from coal! No wonder veteran scientists have awe in their voices when they tell you they are just getting started. They don't even dare predict what future secrets will be wrested from coal, the rich substance that has already yielded such lifesavers as the sulfa drugs.

WHAT IS COAL, ANYWAY? Millions of years ago our earth was a frightful, steaming jungle. Giant trees, huge grotesque ferns and other weird plants lived and died and sank into the deep black ooze of primeval swamps. Then an amazing chemical process began to take place. Certain tiny organisms, or creatures, absorbed the oxygen from the great fallen plants. With the oxygen removed, the substance that remained became, in the course of more millions of years, the material we know today as coal.

What is the genie that the chemists manage to call out of a piece of this hard, black substance? In one laboratory, the scientist showed me an ordinary piece of coal and then put it in a test tube, which he placed over a flame. A short time later, he struck a match and held it over the tube. The ascending gas burst into a smoky yellow flame, which flickered and then died.

"The gas is all out now," the chemist explained. "Look!"

At the bottom of the tube was a porous gray chunk that I recognized as coke. But the chemist was not pointing to that. Barely noticeable in the middle of the tube was a little spot of black. The chemist

pried it out on a stick and shoved it toward me. I grimaced and held my nose.

"Doesn't smell good," he agreed, "but it's coal tar."

Here is miracle stuff—a gummy tar that can be turned into medicine to save human lives, or perfume to make women alluring, or DDT to kill insects. In this simple, small-scale experiment I had witnessed the process that forms the foundation of the whole coal-chemical industry.

In great factories, the test tube is replaced by giant ovens in which the coal is baked. The gas is carried off to city mains to provide fuel; the coke will be burned in home furnaces or may go to steel mills, where it plays a vital part in the making of steel.

With test-tube magic, the chemist of today can even extract from coal the odors of flowers. I saw how it was done in a laboratory stunt that began with a white, ugly smelling substance.

"Phenol," the chemist explained.

"Smells like carbolic acid," I said. "You mean you're going to get perfume out of *that*?"

I watched while he added carbon dioxide to the phenol. It became a white, odorless powder. To this he added methyl alcohol and a dash of sulphuric acid. I sniffed—and smelled wintergreen!

"Now let's do it another way," the chemist said. He started with phenol, tossed in a dash of this and that. Presto—the fragrant odor of hawthorn blossoms!

It takes 2,500 pounds of violets to make one ounce of the essential oil for violet-scented perfume. For \$3, the chemist can take his coal-



tar derivatives and make up a pound of such oil!

The versatility of some coal-tar compounds is incredible. Take benzene, for instance. The chemists know that benzene has an odd hexagonal-shaped molecule, which they call the benzene ring. By doing things to the atoms inside that ring, they have created what they sometimes call "the benzene revolution."

You might start with that humble creation, the moth ball. It is made from the benzene ring. So are the aniline dyes that color your clothes. So is a chemical that makes auto tires better and cheaper by speeding the vulcanizing process. But that is just the first of the incredible seven-league strides the chemists have taken with these marvelous benzene rings.

When researchers tried a particular combination of the benzene rings, they came up with something called phenanthrene. It put them on a strange track that led to a link between coal and the life process itself. First thing they knew, the scientists, again experimenting with the benzene rings, discovered cholesterol—one of the most-powerful materials in the human body. Perhaps that name means nothing to you, but it brought the scientists out of their seats.

Looking with new respect at the benzene ring, they went to work on more combinations. Soon they discovered a killer, a murderous substance called methylcholanthrene. Rub a bit of it on the skin of a laboratory mouse and cancer

results. Was there an answer here to the cause of cancer? The scientists did not know, of course, but they continued experimenting.

Soon they hit on something almost too fantastic to believe: the male sex hormone, the very substance that is secreted in the sex glands of all male animals, could also be reproduced from these benzene rings. Now, to make the thing still more incredible, they continued juggling within those rings and this time discovered that they had made the female sex hormone. From a moth ball to a cancer maker to something very close to the life force itself! But that is just one of the amazing roads traveled by the men who have set out to tap the untold riches of coal.

When you use the term "black diamonds" in reference to coal, you're not very far wrong, because they've actually made a kind of diamond out of coke. There is hardly a manufacturing industry that doesn't use them. Automobiles, furniture and electrical appliances are just a few of the things you use that owe a debt to these magic diamonds from coal.

It all started in the mind of Edward Goodrich Acheson, who helped Thomas Edison develop the carbon filament for the incandescent lamp. Acheson knew that industry was in desperate need of a sharp, strong substance that could be used to smooth and polish metal parts. What was needed was something tougher than the hardest metal known. Maybe even as hard as a diamond.

Acheson suspected that he might find this substance in coal, so he prepared a mixture of clay and coke

in an iron pot, and hooked an electric wire to an iron rod which he thrust into the mixture. What he had was a crude electric furnace which he hoped would change the clay and coke into a hard abrasive material. But the dull grayish mass that resulted was soft and useless.

Then Acheson happened to glance at the rod. Glistening at its end was a cluster of tiny bluish crystals. They felt hard—but were they? The inventor ran one of them across a piece of glass. The glass was cut instantly. With growing excitement, Acheson tried again. He ran a crystal across the diamond in his ring. It left a sharp line on the stone! Acheson had created another use for coal. Today, industry uses millions of pounds of these magic crystals every year. You probably know them as “carborundum,” the name given them by their discoverer.

What about driving your car on gasoline made from coal? I found the answer to that question in Pittsburgh, where one of America's biggest oil companies has joined with one of the biggest coal mining concerns, to plan a giant enterprise that will produce motor fuel by chemistry.

Picture a huge factory, into which 20,000 tons of coal flow every day. They move through giant ovens, huge retorts and a maze of mechanical equipment manned by 6,500 workers. At the other end, out come 14,000 barrels of high-octane gasoline, not to mention many other versatile coal chemicals. For American motorists faced with the fact that we are using up our

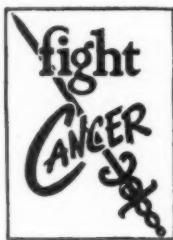
oil faster than we are finding new reserves, it is heartening to know that this idea of getting oil from coal is fast moving toward practical reality.

But suppose we start using coal for oil? Won't we run out of coal, too? No—because a prodigal nature has blessed America with half of all the coal in the world! Geologists calculate that we have the astronomical total of 3,100,000,000,000 tons scattered under the soil of 33 states, running from Pennsylvania in the east to Washington in the west, and as far south as Alabama, New Mexico and Texas.

Of course, there is the big job of getting the stuff out of the ground, but the engineers are working on that problem, too. They have machines that slash through coal veins much as a hot knife slips through

butter; they have super-loaders that can fill a five-ton car in less than a minute. In fact, they have carried mechanization so far that today, when a miner comes to the surface after a day's work, he can be proud of wresting more than five tons of coal from the earth.

Some engineers have gone even farther by asking the question: “Why take the coal out of the ground at all?” Recently, near Birmingham, Alabama, you might have seen an amazing sight. There, engineers were engaged in a task that no coal miner would ever dream of. They were deliberately setting fire to a mine. The bomb they set off to accomplish this feat may have created a revolution in coal mining. The gaseous mixture



of carbon monoxide and hydrogen brought up to the surface can be used to run a power plant, while released gases are available for more chemical marvels. Of course, not all coal will ever be mined this way, because much of its value is lost by underground combustion. But it may be one way of utilizing hard-to-get-at seams that would otherwise never yield their treasures.

America will need all the coal possible because the chemists are not letting up in their drive to find new wonders. I saw one recent discovery when a scientist handed me two containers, each filled with a finely ground white powder. The fact that it was white did not surprise me; by this time I had stopped associating black with coal.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Fireproofing," said the chemist laconically. "Watch this."

He mixed the two powders together with water and produced a creamy-looking substance, which he then proceeded to brush onto a piece of wood.

"We'll let it dry for a while," he

announced, and we walked away.

When we came back a short time later, the chemist calmly held the thin slab of wood over a Bunsen burner. It should have burst into flames, but it didn't.

What I had witnessed was an application of a startling development that is going to make human life a lot safer in years to come. It is a type of fireproofing created by the versatile coal scientists. When subjected to heat, it puffs up and makes a cellular blanket, half an inch thick, that cuts off fire from the surface of the material. More than that, it actually gives off a gas that chokes flame.

The researchers have tried the stuff on almost everything—wood, paper, cloth and metal—and it always performs sensationally. In fact, they turned a 2,500-degree blowtorch flame on a piece of aluminum coated with the stuff. Twenty minutes later the temperature on the other side of the aluminum was less than 300 degrees!

It sounds impossible, but sober scientists vouch for it.



What's in a Name?

Mrs. Lillian Truelove obtained a divorce in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

• • •

A firm, Atomic Undergarment Co., has been established in New York.

• • •

Joseph St. Peter is the driver of a Washington, D. C., ambulance.

• • •

A Moultrie, Ga., hotel decided that its two quietest guests were John E. Holler and Frank Bellows.

—HAROLD HELFER



DRIVING THROUGH a dense fog, a motorist followed the tail light ahead of him for a full hour, free from worry. Then, suddenly, the red beacon ahead stopped and the two cars collided.

"Hey, why don't you put out your hand when you're going to stop?" yelled the man behind.

Came the casual reply, "What! In my own garage?"

—KEESLER (Miss.) *News*

A SIMPLE COUNTRYMAN saw a gaudy parrot on the roof of his cottage. He climbed up to capture it. The parrot looked at him and said sharply, "What do you want?"

The countryman touched his cap. "Beg pardon, sir, I thought you were a bird." —GEORGIA TECH *Yellow Jacket*

THE PERPLEXED PORTER was trying to explain the unusual situation to the conductor.

"I've looked everywhere, boss, but the stepladder's missing. Who could have taken it, and why, and how?"

"What kind of a person would

want to steal a Pullman ladder?" asked the puzzled conductor.

"I don't know, but it's gone."

At this point a passenger occupying an upper berth parted the curtains and remarked with restrained impatience:

"Here, porter, use mine; I won't need it until morning, anyway."

—FRANCES RODMAN

PREPARING TO BAPTIZE a tiny infant, the officiating minister turned to the child's mother and said: "His name, please?"

"Percival Archibald Henry Smithson," the proud mother replied.

The minister turned to his assistant and said, "A little more water, please."

—JOSEPH A. MULLINS

THE LITTLE MAN WAS pushing his cart through the crowded aisles of the big supermarket.

"Coming through," he called merrily. No one moved.

"Gangway," he shouted. A few men stepped aside.

He ruefully surveyed the situation, and then smiled as a bright idea struck him.

"Watch your Nylons!" he warned. The women scattered like chaff in the wind.

—Christian Science Monitor

ONE WINTRY MORNING, the council of a small New England town was in session. It had snowed the night before, and through the window they could see the picture-postcard-like fairyland the town had become. One of the councilmen remarked that it was too bad the villagers would soon be tracking through the snow, spoiling its beauty with their footprints.

That gave rise to a suggestion

from another. Why not appoint one of them a committee of one to go from house to house and ask the villagers to stay indoors for a while? The others thought it an excellent idea. "Wait a minute," chimed in one of the boys. "If he goes from house to house, he's going to make footprints in the snow himself."

They hadn't thought of that. So they sat down to figure the problem further. They solved it, all right—by appointing two fellows to carry the messenger.

—MAX WEINBERG

WHILE IN NEW YORK ON a vacation trip, my wife and I hailed a taxi and told the driver where to go. He raced off wildly and went careening down the street, swaying, bumping and giving us several anxious moments.

Noticing our concern, he shouted over his shoulder, "Don't worry, folks. I ain't going to land in no hospital, especially after spending a year in one overseas."

"How dreadful," answered my wife sympathetically. "You must have been seriously wounded."

"No," the cabbie replied cheerfully, "never got a scratch. I was a mental case."

—Foreign Service

A YOUNG CUB REPORTER came into the city room with a photograph the editor had been trying to get for weeks. It was the picture of a young lady who had become involved in a scandal. All sorts of methods had been attempted to get the picture—without success. Maids had been bribed, the apartment ransacked. One reporter had even climbed a fire escape to get the photo—but without luck.

Naturally, therefore, when the

tyro came in with the prized picture, the veterans wanted to know how he had gotten it.

"I called up and asked her for it, and she gave it to me," he said.

—From City Editor by STANLEY WALKER, reprinted by permission of J. B. Lippincott Co.

SCIENTIST ALBERT EINSTEIN attended a party at the country estate of a society matron. After dinner, he joined the hostess in a stroll through the garden. It was a clear moonlit night and the stars were twinkling in all their glory.

"Isn't Jupiter brilliant tonight!" exclaimed the matron, pointing toward the sky.

"That's not Jupiter, that's Venus," Einstein corrected her.

"Oh doctor, how wonderful," she replied. "You know their sex, too!"

—E. E. EDGAR

A JUNIOR MEMBER of a metropolitan law firm traveled to a near-by state to consult a client. When he reached his destination, he was embarrassed to find he'd forgotten the client's name. Timorously, he wired his office: "What is our client's name?"

The company replied: "Grimes, Harold L. Your name is Thompson, Adelbert."

—L. DUKE SLOAN

Have you heard a funny story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes for "Grin and Share It." Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.

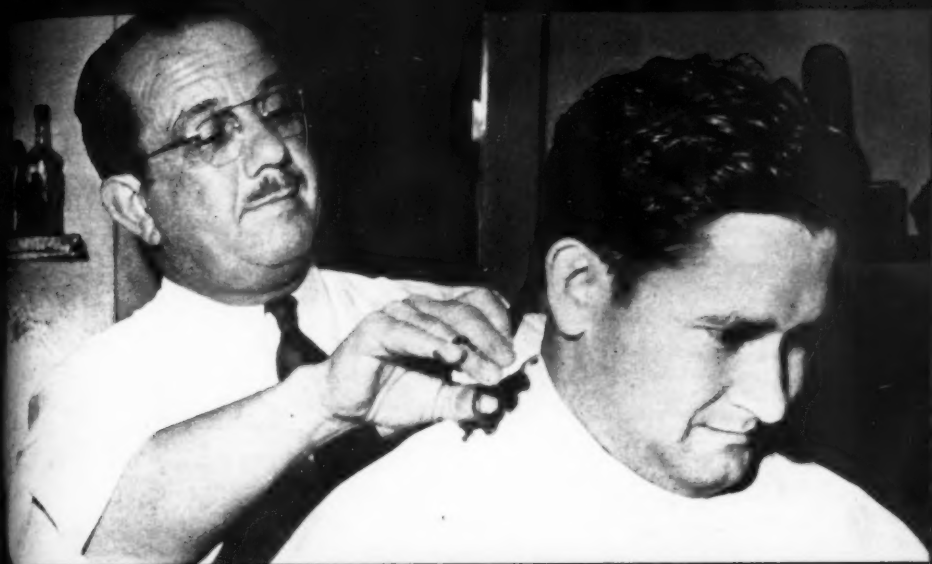
SATURDAY NIGHT

WHEN THE END of the work week rolls around, Americans lay aside everyday tasks and put on their best suits and dresses. It's Saturday night! Here's your chance to take the family to the movies, go dancing with your best girl, or get together with the gang. For long and carefree hours we laugh and play, relax in a circle of warm companionship—for each Saturday night is America's night out.





"Hi, Joe!" In small-town America, Saturday night really starts right after lunch. Farmers pull into town and exchange greetings with cross-county neighbors whom they haven't seen since last week.



Shopping is the first order of business. But after visiting the local stores, it's time to get ready for the evening. Everybody wants to look his best for the big event of the week.



The country store is still a meeting place for old-timers. Here they play checkers, talk about farm prices, crops, politics and weather—all tempered by a feeling of neighborly communion.



Small towns aren't the backwoods any more. The traditional hay rides and cornhusking contests of yesterday now have to compete with chromium-plated, neon-lighted fun spots for the Saturday-night crowd.



A movie may be only a pleasant end-of-the-week treat for the family. But for teen-agers, though it takes spending money hard-earned at chores, a movie date brims with glamour and excitement.



And for the very young, country or city, there's usually a special Saturday show, featuring a slam-bang Western—and a serial that hasn't changed much since Pearl White gave father goose pimples.



It's hard to be formal at a square dance, for while you swing your partner you make new friends. Young and old join in, swaying and stamping their feet to the happy rhythms of the hoedown musicians.



This is the day to put aside the cares of routine tasks and the memory of hard, lonely hours in the fields. On Saturday night everything changes and the whole countryside rocks with merriment.



An ice-cream soda after the dance or movie is a long-standing American custom. In the last few moments before Saturday night is over, young people happily relive the events of the evening.



A long walk across stilled fields may lack the bubbling excitement of a party. But a sky dusty with stars, the rising crescent of a moon, can still make Saturday night the high light of the week.



But to many, the image of Saturday night is one that is colored by the dazzling background of the Big City. It sparkles with visions of sophisticated men and women visiting theaters and night clubs.



It is a spectacle of glittering restaurants where headwaiters welcome honored guests. It is a tableau of white tablecloths, shining silver and tinkling glassware—champagne corks popping.



. . . of beautiful women glamorously gowned and their impeccable escorts . . . of dancing lights and spectacular floor shows. It is New Orleans and Chicago, San Francisco and New York.



It is silver-toned orchestras and famous stage stars—the Stork Club and the Pump Room and the Top of the Mark. But it is a far-off world that, for many Americans, exists only in dreams.



For most city dwellers, Saturday night is a much more placid evening. It may begin with the hunt for a baby-sitter, then a cheerful good-night kiss for Junior and a walk downtown.



Perhaps it leads to a quiet restaurant where the family can indulge a traditional American fondness for eating out. As much as anything, this is a chance to get Mother out of the kitchen.



But big occasions—wedding anniversaries, birthdays, engagement parties—still call for big doings. Then, the gay color and excitement of a night club help make the evening a memorable one.



A local band, playing in the high-school gym, is a Pied Piper for youth. But a famous orchestra on tour gives the week-end dance a real party flavor and leaves happy recollections for weeks.



There's no end to the variety of pleasures that can be shared by a Saturday-night crowd. A roller-skating party is made to order for the exuberance and energy of the younger generation.



Even staying at home can be fun. Once the whole gang has assembled, the rug been rolled up and the record player started, any living room becomes a make-believe ballroom.



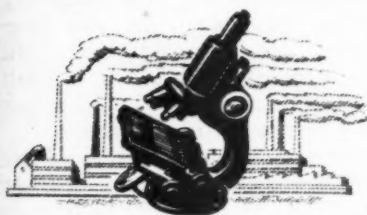
As midnight falls across the nation, a million Cinderellas and their Prince Charmings have left the palace. The lights are out now, and the streets are quiet. Another Saturday night is on its way into memory.

by O. K. ARMSTRONG

M·R·I

MEANS MIDWEST JOBS

Its scientists are harnessing their research to everyday living and attracting new industries to a rich six-state area



IN A KANSAS CITY laboratory, an attendant turned a wheel, admitting compressed air through a pipe into a funnel-shaped container filled with wheat. "Bang! Bang!"—the wheat shot through a small brass nozzle, each grain exploding like a firecracker. The result? A new germ-free flour.

"Explosive disassociation," the laboratory experts called it. By this process, the germ of the grain (the part that starts the root and plant) was separated from the flour. This germ is partially responsible for mold and spoilage. Mold-resisting bread had been made — another step toward the solution of a problem that has baffled millers and bakers for ages!

This is just one of scores of projects completed or under way at the Midwest Research Institute, all designed to create more jobs and industries for the U. S. and par-

ticularly for the six states surrounding the big, breezy city that proudly calls itself "The Heart of America." Now in its fifth year of operation, Midwest has perfected dozens of new gadgets for industrial and home use, completed scores of experiments to make factories and farms more productive, and discovered a long list of new processes to develop our natural resources. Already, thousands have been put to work making products discovered or improved in its laboratories.

"We're harnessing scientific research to the problems of everyday living — and with marvelous results," says Dr. George E. Ziegler, expert in applied physics, who directs this unique organization with the title of "Executive Scientist."

The Institute was born in the mind of J. C. Nichols, Kansas City realtor and civic planner. About ten years ago, Nichols assembled statistics to show that the economy of the Midwest was not in proper balance to maintain population growth. In fact, the six states surrounding Kansas City—Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Arkansas—were losing population at the rate of 50,000 a year.

Machinery was reducing the need for farm workers. The lure of higher wages drew the sons and daughters of Mid-America to the cities. Agri-

cultural production alone could not sustain the area's prosperity.

"We must attract industries!" Nichols told fellow civic leaders. Soon the war brought Kansas City and surrounding area their share of aircraft and other war-equipment plants. Good enough—but temporary. How about the long pull ahead?

"We decided to seek industries that could create new products and jobs from the vast potential wealth on our doorstep," says Nichols. So, in 1944, nine business leaders incorporated the Institute as a non-profit organization dedicated to industrial and agricultural research. They raised \$506,000 and invited Dr. Harold Vagtborg, director and one of the founders of the Armour Research Foundation in Chicago, to take over:

Ziegler had been Vagtborg's associate at Armour's. Together they pulled into M-R-I other top brains in research. Last July, Vagtborg left to head a similar project for the Southwestern states, and Ziegler became Midwest's chief administrative officer.

The Institute was successful from the day that staff members announced they were ready to serve as a research laboratory for Mid-America. A tide of requests for expert advice and special studies rolled in. Now the staff has grown to 120, and laboratories fill six large buildings.

MIDWEST INSTITUTE HAS FOUR broad fields of work. One is what Dr. Ziegler calls "research in the interest of the six-state region"—contributed by M-R-I from its own funds or by public-spirited

donors. Here's something new, and hundreds of citizens are taking advantage of it. Any person can come to the Institute to discuss with the staff the advisability of researching an industrial problem and walk out with free information that eventually may be worth from five cents to thousands of dollars.

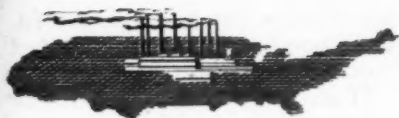
Countless people phone the Institute and ask spot advice. "Spot" is the word for one young woman, who said excitedly, "I accidentally hit my face with the shoeshine dauber. I've got a big black mark on my cheek, and it won't wash off. What can I do?" A chemist gave her the proper formula.

"My mantelpiece is stained. How can I get it clean?" wrote an Iowa housewife. An expert in wood surfaces sent her the latest technique for removing stain.

"Where should I locate a cement plant?" "Does this county have limestone?" "What areas of Kansas have the most fire clay?" These are examples of questions asked. Midwest's scientists are ready with the answers, drawn from a comprehensive survey of all the mineral resources of the six-state region.

Public-spirited citizens and governmental units underwrite the cost of numerous special projects. Some of the trustees of the Institute paid for a survey of untapped coal deposits along the border of Oklahoma and Arkansas, to aid in locating future sites for industries. The city of Joplin, Missouri, sponsored a survey of both mining and farming resources in its trade territory. Public-utility companies have paid for several state-wide surveys of natural resources.

A big squad of Midwest's staff



tackles farm problems. What farmer hasn't muddied his shoes in the barn lot? Perry L. Bidstrup, working under the supervision of Dr. C. L. Shrewsbury, the Institute's expert on organic and agricultural research, got to thinking what a great boon to farmers it would be to find a cheap, practical hard-surfacer. After long experiments he came up with a mixture of calcium chloride and road oil. Spread out and rolled smooth, it hardens into a waterproof covering.

Another field of activity for Midwest is research for private industry, paid for by the sponsoring individuals or firms. Cost to sponsors is double the salary of scientific personnel used, which gives a margin of income to cover expenses. Here's a typical example:

Many Kansas City homes are heated with natural gas. In mid-winter, the gas invariably runs low, with resulting discomfort. So the Kansas City Gas Service Company brought the problem to M-R-I. The Institute's engineers perfected a device for furnaces which combines natural gas and fuel oil. When the temperature drops below 20 degrees, the unit automatically switches to oil, and stays with that fuel until the temperature rises again. The device is not expensive—and will add untold comfort to natural-gas-furnaced homes all over America.

Many Midwest projects are making the work of housewives easier, and home life more enjoyable. Im-

provements in methods of cooking, air conditioning and lighting have been found. More-efficient and economical household appliances have been invented. Special-purpose cleaning compounds have been perfected, to remove varnish and gum from windows and furniture.

The American Institute of Laundering is sponsoring a study of the more-specific scientific aspects of cleaning soiled clothing. Intricate tests are showing the effects of all kinds of soaps and compounds on dirt in every type of fabric, and what processes are easiest on clothes. Commercial launders won't be the only ones to benefit by the new processes, for home laundering will be made easier, too.

The Perfex Company of Shenandoah, Iowa, asked: "Can you make a new laundry starch—one that will save the work of mixing and cooking?" From an Institute laboratory came the product—entirely synthetic, ready to use, containing no "starch" yet "starching" clothes better than ever.

Other staff members have studied the properties of clay in Nebraska, perfected a new fountain-pen ink, and investigated the behavior of metals under strain. One project of immense value to orchardists, sponsored by the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, covers the big field of fungicides and insect sprays. Using an oil residue formerly wasted, M-R-I chemists have developed a new product for controlling pesky diseases that attack apples, pears, peaches and other fruits. Third activity of M-R-I is what Ziegler calls a "modest amount of work for public health." Because of its top-flight organic chemists, the Insti-

tute has received a grant from the National Cancer Institute, which is part of the Federal Security Agency, to create new chemicals to fight mankind's worst disease. An immediate project is production of organic compounds to be used in research on cancer.

Says Director Ziegler: "We're just part of a big team, determined some day to lick that killer."

Fourth major concern is the research and development of new weapons and equipment for the armed services. This is top-secret stuff, and staff workers smile politely when they inform you that no details can be given. In its first three years of operation, the Institute handled hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of such projects, principally for the Air Corps and the Ordnance Corps. Since last spring, defense research has enormously increased. In guarded laboratories, experiments in electronics and other new physical and chemical forces go on day and night.

Midwest researchers belittle the idea that "machines throw men out of work." They cite statistics to prove that for every man temporarily displaced by laborsaving machinery, from three to a score can be put to work making and handling the improved products. They show how 15 major indus-

tries of today, developed since 1880, have directly or indirectly created 15,000,000 new jobs.

"Take the carriage-and-buggy industry," says M-R-I's administrative assistant, Carl W. Berry. "In 1900, it gave employment to about 1,000,000 persons. The auto industry that replaced it now employs more than 6,000,000."

Numerous M-R-I projects further prove the point. Like the one sponsored by the Corn Products Company, to seek improvements in grain sorghums. Proper facilities for the crossbreeding of plants were found at two universities and two colleges. Through cooperation of the schools, the company and the Institute, a new sorghum plant was developed, with the best features of all the "parents."

The result is a new \$10,000,000 refinery at Corpus Christi, Texas, which will turn 6,000,000 bushels of milo maize into starch and dextrose every year. Soon, many thousands of acres of American farms will be planted with this wealth-producing grain.

Midwest's scientists radiate confidence in their work and its importance in creating new industries and new jobs. Dr. Ziegler speaks for them when he declares: "Who said our frontiers are gone? Research is creating new ones daily!"

Made in



Heaven?

IN UPSTATE NEW YORK, a chap I walked into the Marriage Bureau and inquired whether he could marry a different girl than

the one whose name was on the license. He was told it would cost him an additional \$3.00—so he married the first girl.

—HY GARDNER in *Parade*

"FOOD FIT FOR KINGS"

by MICHAEL SHERIDAN

Henri Charpentier, world-renowned chef, today serves a small but select clientele in the world's tiniest restaurant

AFTER ALMOST THREE-QUARTERS OF a century of exciting living, a rotund, apple-cheeked and benign little man by the name of Henri Charpentier is starting all over again. At the ripe young age of 68, he is going back 42 years to do what he did once before—start an epicurean paradise.

Famed creator of that gastronomical delicacy, crêpes Suzette, and recognized as one of the world's greatest chefs, M. Charpentier has a good chance of succeeding. Currently he is owner of the smallest restaurant in the world—one table, one party and one slogan, "Food Fit for Kings."

The slogan is appropriate. In his time, M. Charpentier has served Queen Victoria, King Leopold of Belgium, the Empress Eugénie, Kings Edward VII and VIII, the Emperor Franz Joseph, and Umberto and Margherita of Italy.

Now, in a simple white-and-yellow cottage at Redondo Beach, California, the magic hands of Charpentier serve royalty of another world: people like Bing Crosby, Ingrid Bergman, Lady Mendl,



Princess Pignatelli, Lauritz Melchior and Ethel Barrymore.

Guests dine by appointment, never later than 8 o'clock, never ending earlier than midnight. Preparation of the food takes an average of four hours. Parties are never larger than eight, and very often consist of only two people. There is but one price, \$7 per person.

Who is Henri Charpentier? For 31 years he had his own place in Lynbrook, Long Island. From 1906 to 1937, he tickled the palates of the world's great and near-great in a stately old mansion, surrounded by giant trees and sunken gardens filled with blossoms.

In the colorful reminiscences of the famed chef loom Florenz Ziegfeld, the Wall Street Morgans, Lillian Russell, "Diamond Jim" Brady, Mayor James J. Walker and Sarah Bernhardt.

But it wasn't only at Lynbrook that Henri Charpentier was chef. Countless good eaters throughout the world remember him at the

Hôtel de Paris in Monte Carlo, Maxim's and the Tour d'Argent in Paris, the Café Royale and the Savoy in London, the Metropole in Moscow, the Vier Jahreszeiten in Munich, the Quirinale and the Belle Meunière in Rome.

Altogether, they were only a few of his ports of call, but as Henri expresses it: "My cook's tour of the great European kitchens was a fortunate one. In each I picked up something that I learned casually at the time, and used importantly the rest of my life."

At Henri's there are no printed menus. He has always fought shy of them. Various courses are always discussed and arranged beforehand. Strangest request was for a roast leg of bear. The kindly chef told the customer that he didn't raise any. The guests thereupon settled for rabbit cooked with rare herbs and old sherries, and have been going to Henri's ever since.

The little white-and-yellow cottage at Redondo Beach is a far cry from the original Henri's in Lynbrook, but the proprietor is not dis-

heartened. In 1906, Henri started in Lynbrook with two tables and eight chairs. From that beginning, the venture mushroomed into a landmark. Since then, in New York, Chicago, Atlantic City, Hollywood, he has lost several shirts in ill-fated culinary ventures.

At Henri's, food is served on gold-decorated plates, crystal and silverware is of the finest, and everything is set on tablecloths of imported French linen. There is no staff, other than pretty Mary Katherine Kalk, his secretary and general assistant. Between the two of them, they do all the work.

"I am bus boy, waiter and dishwasher—until the checks arrive in the mail. Then I am boss!" says Henri, ex-millionaire, ex-chateau owner, ex-investor in real estate. The fact that once he took in \$4,000 in one evening, and the most he can gross now is eight times \$7, bothers him not at all.

"My place will grow," Charpentier says confidently. "And if it doesn't, there is always room in this world for a little jewel."

High Finance



A CERTAIN PROSY clergyman was much provoked to find an old gentleman in his congregation regularly falling asleep during the sermon. One Sunday, calling aside the old man's grandson, who always accompanied him to church, the minister said, "My boy, if you will keep your grandfather awake during my sermon, I'll give you a nickel a week."

The boy accepted the offer and

for the next few weeks the old gentleman proved a wide-awake, alert listener. The third week he lapsed back into slumber."

"What's the meaning of this?" the clergyman demanded of the boy. "Your grandfather was asleep again today. I'm paying you a nickel a week to keep him awake."

"Yes," replied the youngster, "but grandpa made me a better offer. He's giving me ten cents a week to let him sleep."

—Wall Street Journal

Love and the Single Woman



by JANET EVANS

What are her chances for happiness in sex without marriage? Here is a frank analysis of an important social problem

HOW DOES THE SINGLE woman solve the problem of sex in today's bewildering world? Why is the problem more acute for her than for the single woman of a generation ago? How can she cope with a situation which physicians and psychiatrists agree is responsible for widespread neurotic unhappiness? Is there any all-inclusive solution that can be fitted into our modern pattern of morals and taboos?

The answers to these questions are of vast importance to the society in which we live, since no society can be healthier or more wholesome than the quality and character of the women who help to build it. Therefore, the adjustment of the single woman to the modern world—the world to which she contributes such a significant amount of

productive and creative effort—is essential to the well-being of the nation as a whole.

That is why CORONET offers this frank discussion of a subject that is too often veiled in misleading or hypocritical words. The aim is not to create morbid curiosity but to throw light on a problem that concerns a large segment of our population. Unless such light is offered, the road to ultimate solution will never be clear of the shadows that have obscured it for centuries.

One basic way to approach the problem of sex and the single woman is to draw upon actual case histories, as collected by social experts, doctors and psychologists. Out of the thousands available, here are five that concern a group of unmarried women, unknown to each other but living a few blocks apart among a city's millions. At 2:30 A.M. of a lonely winter night, all five were wearily asking them-

selves some searching questions.

Besides their mutual problems, they had much in common: a conservative background and upbringing, better-than-average education, attractive appearance and white-collar jobs. Let us call them Ann, Peg, Ellen, Doris and Barbara.

A sixth young woman, Catherine, was sleeping soundly. No sex questions troubled her, since she had carefully thought her way through the tortuous labyrinth of the problem and emerged with a satisfactory mode of living to which she clung unswervingly. But Catherine would have laughed at the idea that she could solve the problem for anyone else. Actually, her solution does not make sense until the other girls and their lives are examined.

1. *The Case of Ann.* The man of her choice had been gone for several months now. She still winced in memory of the day when he had told her, miserably uneasy and uncertain, that his wife was coming back from the sanitarium where she had spent two years. And the children were coming home, too, from their grandparents' home. Surely, Ann could understand that his place was now with his family. He was confident that she, who had given him so much happiness, would give him one last gift—her understanding.

So she had given it to him, trying, as loving women always try, to soothe and console rather than be comforted herself. This was the way an end *should* be: no harsh words, no scenes. Only—something had gone wrong. It wasn't the end. She had started something which she seemed powerless to stop.

Ann was 32 years old and ma-

ture. Now, at 2:30 A.M., she was admitting to herself, as she would never admit in daylight, that it wasn't only Tom she missed, and their great love, but their satisfactory physical relationship as well.

She was having dates again, and lately had been shocked to realize that she had been tempted to "co-operate"—she scorned the word "yield"—with the man with whom she had spent this very evening. Now she was still troubled and wide-awake as 3 o'clock neared.

"If I'd never known anything about the whole sex business," she muttered, "I wouldn't be feeling this way now. I was idiotic to think everything ended with Tom. It was more like a beginning, I guess."

2. *The Case of Peg.* A few blocks away, Peg, 35, was swallowing a sleeping tablet. An hour before, she had sent a man away after a most unsatisfactory evening of sex. Like Ann, Peg was shocked and worried. She never tried any more to count the men with whom she had had affairs; the number would ring too harshly in her brain. Now she was troubled about her diminishing enjoyment of sex, and the fact that, without meaning to, she had become promiscuous.

Unlike Ann, she had attempted to forget an unhappy romance with a succession of affairs, and had come to sneer at the idea that love and sex had much to do with each other. She would, she told herself, "take sex like a man," to satisfy a physical hunger. But often she cried in the night—although this would have astonished the men who had known the let-us-be-gay love-making which was Peg's specialty.

"Where am I heading?" she

asked herself in panic. "What if I did get married now? Would there be any thrill left in it after . . . all the rest? Why did I ever start it? Maybe it's something like taking drugs. Once you've started the habit, you can't seem to break it."

3. *The Case of Ellen.* If virtue alone were the answer to the sex problem, Ellen would have been sleeping soundly. Nearly 40 and less attractive than she had been five years before, she had remained chaste. Now she was feeling a little desperate instead of smugly righteous. Was she to go into middle age without savoring the experience that everyone called "living"? The habit of continence was so strong that she knew she never could break it now, yet she regretted the "prissiness" which had kept her from making the most of her opportunities while she had them. Ellen found herself wishing she had it to do all over again.

"Things would be different this time," she thought cynically.

4. *The Case of Doris.* Like Ann, Doris had had only one love affair, and she too lay awake, trying to soothe her wounded pride. Mac, whom she had loved so much, had told her a week before that he was going to California—alone. He had never promised to marry her, but somehow she had always thought that he would when the "show-down" came.

Actually, he did not feel he was yet ready for the burden of matrimony. Doris, at 31, would have welcomed the feminine responsibilities of a home, but she was helpless to convince him of her point of view. Besides, she thought, a wom-

an can only go so far in hinting at marriage, if she is to save a vestige of pride.

So Doris hadn't made a scene; outwardly, she had been quite calm. But Mac's undisguised relief had left her numb. Again and again she tormented herself with the realization that he could take so lightly what she had given with her whole heart.

"Why did I let myself in for something like this?" she demanded of herself. "Why did I have to be such an utter fool?"

5. *The Case of Barbara.* She was 27, and weary from a word marathon this very evening with a suitor who had expressed vague matrimonial interest, provided that they first proved physically compatible. In spite of a fast-beating pulse, Barbara had stood firm. She

had a simple sex credo: wait for marriage. But now, stimulated and excited, she wondered if she had been right.

"It's so easy to say 'wait for marriage' and so hard to wait," she reflected. "I wonder if he'll ever come back? I wonder if I *am* being prudish and Victorian, the way he said? Oh dear, do all women have such a hard time about sex? . . ."

Only Catherine was sleeping serenely. Like Peg, she was 35, and like Ellen, she was a virgin. But unlike Ellen, she was settled in her own mind because she had evolved a philosophy adequate for her needs. Catherine was single because she preferred managing her successful decorating shop to marriage.

Her observation of other women involved in affairs had convinced her that permanent happiness was



impossible under such circumstances. She felt that women were not geared to the tensions of furtiveness and the perils of pregnancy without the protection of marriage. But she didn't necessarily go along with the old-time idea that sex was wicked.

"What a woman does is her own business," she said.

However, she kept her relationship with men on a casual basis. Some of them thought she was "cold" and told her so. She blandly agreed, because she knew that the first step in weakening her defenses would be to enter into long debates about sex.

Some day, if a man came along who interested her more than the shop she had built herself, she would marry him. Meanwhile, there was no place in her scheme of life for illicit romance.

THE WOMEN DESCRIBED above are but six of America's 5,750,000 single females between the ages of 20 and 64—some 4,600,000 of whom are under 44. The reasons for their single state are numerous and, in this discussion, unimportant. The important fact is that they are unmarried, and that sex is—or can be—a shattering problem to them.

Not to all, of course. There are women who are firmly guided by the precepts of their faiths. There are also women like Catherine who are happy in their work, or who have found outlets in a lively sensitivity to the world about them. They have substituted dozens of small sense-experiences for the one big sense-experience which they have by-passed. These small ones, they have found, add up to consid-

erable satisfaction and enjoyment.

Other single women, who live with their families or in small communities where sex indulgence is difficult or impossible without detection, are perhaps less conscious of the problem as a force in their lives. Then there are still others who, either by choice or circumstance, have a minimum of social relationships with men. To them, the problem is more academic than real. But this still leaves a tremendous number of women who have the potential partners and situational opportunities for indulging in illicit love affairs.

Of course, to many people whose convictions of living were molded prior to World War I, it is almost impossible to explain that such single women have a "sex problem" at all. In the cases of Ann, Doris and Peg, and many like them, neither money nor upkeep is a factor. How has it all happened—and why?

Turn back the years to the world that was America in 1914. Most citizens were enjoying an uncomplicated existence. A "good" woman was a virgin at marriage, and unwaveringly faithful to her husband afterwards. If not, she was a "bad" woman, and bad women were ostracized—that is, if they were found out. And in the world of 1914, it was infinitely easier to be found out than it is today.

The mere recognition of today's sex problem emphasizes the tremendous gulf which stretches between 1914 and 1949. Thirty-five years ago, this article would never have been written or published. But a world war, the blatant '20s, a major depression, a second world

war, and an uneasy peace — all these have taken place in only three and a half decades. If our physical and material modes of living have changed, so have our goals and our standards.

It is this very change which has created the problems that plague Ann, Peg and the rest. To say that they wouldn't be bothered with the problems if they hadn't deviated from the old standards is as foolish as saying that if there were no motorcars there would be no highway accidents.

What was the status of "old maids," as they were called, in the old days? A girl who was unmarried at 25 was heading toward spinsterhood; at 30, it had overtaken her. An "old maid" could teach school; she could be a seamstress; a few operated tiny shops; some worked in department stores; others were the "Aunt Carries" or "Cousin Hatties" who lived with relatives after their parents died.

Almost no woman remained single from choice. Any proposal usually was seized by the girl, who feared she might never be asked again. The contempt of society was too stiff a price to pay if a girl waited for a likelier candidate and then was left with no husband at all.

Besides the social onus of spinsterhood, there were obvious financial reasons for marrying. Someone had to support her, or Father would have to carry the burden forever.

"You can't afford to be too choosy," a mother would cry in panic on discovering that her daughter had sent a distasteful suitor packing.

Then came World War I, and

everything changed. Women began to earn their own money, and kept on earning it after the war ended. No longer did they have to marry third-rate suitors to escape being old maids. Now they could afford to be "choosy" and wait until better prospects came along.

About the time they began to bob their hair and roll their stockings, they were told that although sex might be "sin," it could also be fun, and that if the "brute nature of man" found sex a necessity, so did the "brute nature" of woman. Somehow, from today's perspective, the gleeful embrace of "sin" by the "sheiks" and "flappers" of that fantastic era seems rather naïve, even though it served to dehusk sex.

The Depression took the spotlight off our publicized morals. During the sober early '30s, sex became relatively unimportant and, as far as the public was concerned, a strictly personal matter. People were too busy with the problems of daily survival to be greatly concerned with the carnal carryings-on of others.

All this time, a general relaxation of social standards was continuing. Midriff bathing suits for women and topless trunks for men were accepted without complaint. Glamour advertisements of brassieres and girdles put emphasis on the perfect female figure, while stocking ads acknowledged the attraction of the female leg to the male eye. Items of personal feminine hygiene were openly dealt with in a manner which would have caused Grandmother to burn the publication in the kitchen stove.

Meanwhile, movies and radio



were doing their share to increase the recognition of sex in daily life. Since all these media were directed at everybody, why should single women have remained immune to their subtle influence?

Moreover, popular interest in psychiatry helped publicize sex. Freudian lingo found its way into the vocabularies of parlor debaters, and many single women pounced happily on the thought that repression of sexual impulses would cause physical and mental illness.

But there was a catch—as there always is when anything sounds too easy. The sex problem didn't work out as smoothly as all that. An intangible quality was always present which canceled out the calculations of the experts. Those people who counseled free love for women outside of marriage were omitting a mysterious "x" from their estimates—the "x" being the nature of woman herself.

This peculiar force cannot be seen under a microscope, but it has been in women ever since they first realized that there are two sexes. The physical gratification of the female is wrapped up with the desire to make a home and devote herself to the man to whom she has given herself. In other words, it means that emotionally a woman cannot accept the thought that a satisfactory sex relationship is temporary, however she may rationalize it intellectually.

For example, consider the case of Ruth and George, who "drifted" into an affair after a month or two of pleasant companionship. Ruth was 34 and successful in business, but not committed to a career since she gladly would have married "the

right man." She was not in love with George when the affair began, but as their intimacy deepened, she began to endow him with qualities of mind and character which he did not have. Then she knew she wanted to marry him.

But George? His attitude remained the same during the six months the affair ran its course. He was no more in love with her at the end than he had been at the beginning. A divorced man, he had little fancy for the married state, and felt financially unable to marry anyway, since he was supporting two children.

Meantime, subtle changes were coming over Ruth. She went home from work to await George's call—which sometimes came early, sometimes late, sometimes not at all. Her nervousness as she waited "tied her in knots"; her tension increased; she became snappish.

When she began to make demands on George, he made his farewell address. It was short and to the point. "I never could stand a possessive woman!" he said, and picked up his hat.

Ruth was a long time getting over George. Firmly, she decided she would know better next time. Three years later she met another man like George. In her anxiety to avoid repeating former mistakes, she determined not to be possessive and demanding. This constant check on her natural impulses has given rise to other conflicts, and while outwardly she is calm and serene, inwardly her frustrations are tearing her apart.

In this article, there is no use in entering into an involved discussion of whether unmarried wom-

en refrain from sex indulgence because of principles or because of fear of consequences. Scholars who have studied the long history of marriage list practical as well as moral reasons for female restraints. But it is important to note that even those historians and socio-psychologists who disregard or minimize the impact of moral systems nevertheless recognize that the material forces which shaped the family organization were working toward feminine sex stability.

It cannot be established with scientific certainty that there is born within a woman an "instinct for marriage." But whether it is "instinct" or something else superimposed on emotional reactions by her early exposure to society and moral systems, escape it a woman cannot. Nothing in the training, background or education of single women has prepared them for sex indulgence; rather, the conditioning has all been in other directions.

The girl or woman living at home with parents or in a small community cannot easily indulge in illicit affairs, for the simple reason that she will probably "get caught." Constantly she must wonder what she would do if her parents found out or if she were to become pregnant.

The woman under 30, at home or away, must also consider the value of her virtue. Most young men place high esteem on this asset when seeking a wife, however scornfully they may talk about it. And even more important, how will premarital sex affect chances for a happy marriage later? Is it necessary to sample physical compati-

bility before going to the altar?

Physicians and psychologists both declare against it. Any young married couple, genuinely in earnest about making a go of marriage in every aspect, will work out a happy sex life unless physical or psychic impediments exist. If such do exist, they can usually be ironed out with medical advice and guidance.

In light, then, of all the foregoing, is there any *all-inclusive* solution to the problem of sex and the single woman? The answer is no. But there are ways in which she may successfully cope with the questions which trouble her. For example, here are eight suggestions which should prove helpful to any harassed female:

1. Accept in adult fashion the fact that every human being has problems, usually one grave problem. The single woman's problem—at least the single woman who is attractive to men—is how to stay chaste and be content about it.

2. Keep relationships with men on a light plane. No heavy necking, no long discussions of sex. Nobody gets into trouble without one and usually both of these preliminaries.

3. Remember that one indulgence, or several, won't solve the problem but will only create more. A girl might not be the kind to "get the habit," but any good textbook or psychiatrist can tell you that it is altogether possible.

4. Avoid the idea that sex is "necessary" for physical and mental health. Again the opposite is more nearly true, as most physicians will attest.

5. Do not suppress a natural need for permanence in sexual re-



relationships, even at the risk of being called old-fashioned.

6. Cultivate as many interests in life as possible, so that there will be plenty of other things to think about besides sex.

7. If possible, talk out a problem with a respected and loyal friend, one who is likely to understand without being shocked.

8. Finally, accept the correct conclusion that sex is only a means to an end and that premarital sex is wrong. It leads only to unhappiness, fear and frustration, and no woman can be happy with herself or society when she is prey to this unlovely trio. *

The shining goal for woman is a secure sense of being loved and wanted, rather than physical satis-

faction. She must know that her relationship with a man will not be terminated by a whim or sudden change in circumstances. Never has she been fitted to cope with a shadowy, ephemeral love-substance. She wants to reach out and know that love is there, and that it will be there tomorrow, and the day after, and for all time.

There is no need for her to maintain a tense and rigid guard over virtue. Instead, she should accept chastity in her unmarried state as naturally as she accepts the rising sun. If she thus follows the dictate of common sense, she will be a far happier and better-adjusted woman—until the day comes when sex will go hand in hand with marriage.

The Beauty of Living

A COUPLE BECAME LOST while driving to their vacation site, so they stopped to inquire of an elderly man who lived at a country road junction. He directed them and, as they left, he said, "Can't drive fast up that road, lots of deer, beautiful scenery, too?"

Hurriedly they drove on, anxious to reach their destination before dark. Soon the heavy smell of the pine forest greeted their nostrils. They were compelled to slow down as the road rambled like a deep river gorge through majestic timber. The farther they drove, the heavier the woods and the more breathtaking the scenery.

Presently they reached a clearing that harbored a logging camp. "Now what kind of deal is this?" asked the man of his wife indig-

nantly. One of the loggers sent them back to the junction. They were angry with the old man for having delayed them, and were planning to give him a piece of their mind.

Out he came as they returned. "I knew you'd be back," he said with a twinkle in his eye. They pounced on him heatedly, and he stood there patiently waiting for them to spend their anger.

Calmly he said, "That is pretty scenery up there. Wish more people could slow down long enough to see it. But they don't seem to have time to enjoy the beauty of living." He hesitated, smiled, then concluded, "Now you take this right-hand road, it's only a couple miles over to where you want to go. You're closer to the end of your journey than you thought."

—E. H. LOY





Flowers of Friendship

In a world at peace, roses and cherry blossoms can take on fresh meaning

by MARGARET B. JOHNSTONE

IT STARTED ON THE Yokohama-Tokyo Express. The tall, khaki-clad American and the short, black-suited Japanese were wedged together inside the door.

"This is worse than Coney Island on the Fourth of July," muttered the disgruntled G.I.

"Or Times Square on election night," the Japanese answered in perfect English.

Conversation started readily after that, and the two men travelogued America for the next hour. From Bok Tower to Mt. Shasta, from Cape Cod to Catalina, they reveled in the discovery of mutual memories and shared appreciations.

"There is one thing I wish to ask," the Japanese finally said. "It is about the city of Washington."

"Washington?" the G.I. echoed.

"Yes," the little man hurried on, "I would like to know about the trees there. Is it true that they have pulled them down?"

"You mean the cherry trees around the Tidal Basin?"

"Yes," the Japanese said. "We were told they were all burned . . . a year ago . . . in a great Pearl Harbor demonstration."

"Why, that's the bunk!" exclaimed the G.I. "I saw them myself. Just three months ago."

"Ah!" beamed the Japanese. "I

am happy. Now I will tell you something . . . In my house there are many burlap sacks. In those sacks is much dirt. In the dirt are the bushes."

"Bushes?"

"Yes," nodded the little man. "I water them. I prune them. I keep them alive. But my wife tells me I am an old fool . . . Do you think so too?"

"But why . . . ?" The G.I. fumbled for words.

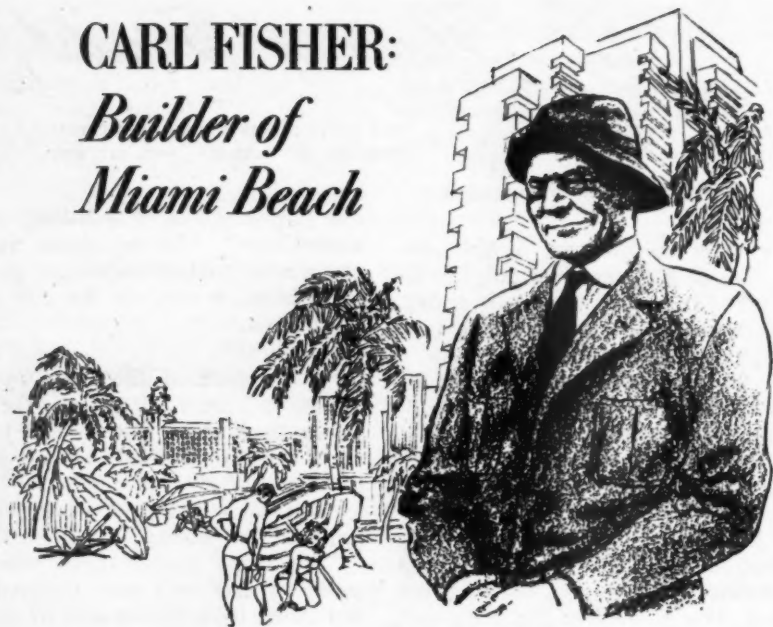
"Near my house there was a park. In that park were thousands of bushes. Rose bushes sent by your people to say 'thank you' to my people for the cherry blossoms.

"But that park is no more. It is an air-raid shelter. The gardens are no more. But the roses? I keep them—as many as I can. Some day the world will want roses and cherry blossoms once more . . ."

Not long ago, that ex-G.I., my husband, received a letter postmarked Tokyo. It bore no return address; it contained no written word—only the pressed petals of a single full-blown rose. But in the tissue-thin folds lay a silent message—a message as articulate in Topeka as in Tokyo, as vital in the Kremlin as in Kalamazoo.

"Some day the world will want roses and cherry blossoms once more . . ."

CARL FISHER: *Builder of Miami Beach*



He carved a city out of a jungle, and gave America a fabulous winter playground

by WILLIAM STONER DOYLE

THAT MAN FISHER must be crazy! The Hoosier fool is trying to make a tourist resort out of that crocodile hole."

The native Floridians who jeered were missing their guesses. "That crocodile hole" was about to become the Southern paradise, Miami Beach, and "that man Fisher" was Carl Graham Fisher, whose "crazy" schemes took him from poverty to riches that at one time were estimated at more than \$100,000,000.

Everything touched by King Midas of ancient legend turned to gold. The Fisher touch was equally

effective, except that Fisher, unlike Midas, brought good fortune to those with whom he came in contact. Carl's friends said: "All he has to do is pat you on the shoulder and you become a millionaire."

It is hard to estimate fully Fisher's influence on American life, but one thing is certain. He changed the vacation habits of the nation. When roads were little better than ruts used by farmers to get crops to town, he initiated the first trans-continental highway. This, the Lincoln Highway, under the banner of "See America First," launched our phenomenal road program.

If you are included among the

lucky ones who spend their winter vacations in Florida, you may thank Fisher. As Will Rogers put it: "Carl was the midwife of Florida. Had there been no Fisher, Florida would be known today as just 'The Turpentine State.' He rehearsed the mosquitoes till they wouldn't bite you until after you had bought."

Friends of Fisher, and there is no end of them, credit him with more "firsts" than are claimed even by worshipers of da Vinci. Fisher was an untiring worker; 18 hours a day was not too much for him. His enthusiasm and energy carried him from one venture to another, until it seems impossible to fit all his accomplishments into a single lifetime.

Personally, Fisher was a man of many seeming contradictions, yet actually his ways were quite simple—at least to himself. He liked fireplaces big enough to take five-foot logs. Furthermore, he liked bright, crackling fires in them. Nothing unusual about this, you may say, but if you were to come upon a roaring fire in a hot Florida summer, it would seem queer. But not to Fisher. "What's a fireplace for if you don't have a fire in it?" was his comeback.

Carl was born in 1874 in Greensburg, Indiana, and started his climb at 12 when he left the classroom he despised and got a job as grocery boy. Five years later, with a few hundred dollars he had saved, he and his two brothers opened a bicycle shop. Promoting a new idea seemed to be Fisher's forte, and soon the fame of the store, as well as the business it garnered, dismayed Carl's competitors.

First, to gain prestige for the shop, he joined a team of profes-

sional racing cyclists, one of whom was Barney Oldfield. Then he resorted to more-spectacular stunts, such as riding a bike on a tightrope between the two highest buildings in town while the horrified Indians of 1900 shook their heads.

"That boy is crazy!" they said.

But only Carl and his cash register knew how crazy he really was. He built a bicycle two stories high and rode it through the streets. One day he released 1,000 toy balloons, 100 of which bore lucky numbers entitling finders to free bikes.

When Oldfield turned up at Indianapolis with a contraption called an aut-ee-mo-beel, it was only natural that Carl would be the first person in town to own one. Then he joined with Barney again, this time as an auto racer, and together they barnstormed the country.

In 1905, he took part in the James Gordon Bennett Cup Race in France, but the Yankee team went down to such humiliating defeat before superior European cars that Carl promised he would do whatever he could to make American machines supreme—a promise that was to grow into the world-famous Indianapolis Speedway.

Fisher's own racing career ended shortly afterward in Zanesville, Ohio, when his car crashed through a guard rail and he narrowly escaped death. Returning to Indianapolis, he began to apply the same procedure to selling cars that he had used with bicycles. He had a large orange balloon constructed and with fanfare announced that he was going to ride his seven-passenger Stoddard-Dayton through the clouds.

Thousands cheered when the

giant balloon lifted the car off the ground and was wafted out of sight. They cheered again when Carl returned in the big white car with the balloon folded up in the back seat. It was an amazing stunt, and newspapers all over the country took up the story.

In later life, Fisher always got a laugh out of that promotion. "I was as amazed as anyone else—but for different reasons," he said. "Actually, I had taken the heavy motor out of the car before we went up. When the balloon landed a couple of miles away, my brother was there to meet us with an identical car. It was simple, yet no one ever seemed to figure it out."

Fisher's Indianapolis salesroom soon grew to be one of the largest car agencies outside New York. The infant auto industry was beginning its fabulous career, and Carl was in on the ground floor. One day a friend brought him a tank of compressed gas that he thought might be used for auto headlights instead of kerosene. Fisher capitalized on this idea, and the Prest-O-Lite Company was formed. Soon, acetylene gas for lights made night driving practical and safe.

WITH THE PREST-O-LITE profits, Carl began to spread out into various business transactions. "The Fisher Touch" was a magic guarantee of success. Things went so well that at last Carl could go ahead with his pet dream of making American automobiles better than the European variety.

The Indianapolis Speedway was intended primarily as a proving ground for cars. The 2½-mile brick bowl with its banked turns per-

mitted machines to develop speeds that were impossible on flat tracks. Carl brought expensive cars from Europe and at the famous "Gasoline Alley," before assembled U. S. manufacturers, he tore down and analyzed the construction that made them superior. Before long, American cars were the best in the world.

"When I built that track," Carl recalled, "everybody said I was crazy to put it five miles out of town. That was a long trip for a horse and buggy. But I was counting on the day when every American family would have a car."

The Speedway was the scene of two of Fisher's most-famous feats. There he sponsored a National Balloon Race, and followed it with a National Air Meet, at which the Wright brothers and other sky pioneers raced their kite-like craft.

In 1909, Carl married a 15-year-old girl, Jane Watts. For a honeymoon, they voyaged down the Mississippi on Carl's new cabin cruiser. In the Gulf of Mexico, the party was caught in a hurricane, blown ashore and marooned for ten days in an obscure cove. Newspapers ran obituaries of the spectacular Hoosier, and the families of the missing went into mourning.

When rescued, the newlyweds hurried back to Indianapolis, while a friend of Carl's, John H. Levi, marine engineer, took the boat on for a later rendezvous. After a series of misadventures, Levi's voyage ended in a small Florida town called Miami. Rather than go up to Jacksonville, their appointed meeting place, the exasperated Levi wired Fisher, "Am in a pretty little town called Miami. Why not meet me here?" That was how Fisher

came to Miami. He liked it so well that he bought a winter home on its shores.

Back in Indianapolis, Carl assembled leaders of the auto industry and announced his plan for a coast-to-coast highway. He was tired of bad roads or no roads at all. Some farmers were making more money towing cars out of ruts than from their farms. Dubious road markings were equally depressing.

Finally Carl convinced his audience that good highways would mean more business, and that it was up to the industry to supply road-building material to towns and counties along the route of his embryonic highway. "This road will serve as an example to the rest of the nation," he promised. Fisher set a goal of \$10,000,000, and had almost half of it pledged by the time the Lincoln Highway Association took over the job.

When it was suggested that a statue of Fisher be erected as "Father of the Lincoln Highway," he hastily declined in a letter to A. G. Batchelor, secretary of the American Automobile Association:

Dear Batch:

I am not much on statuary and right now I think it is a good time to pull out personally and take from our possible subscribers the idea that the road plan is mine. If any particular noise is made for any particular person or clique, this plan is going to suffer.

Carl's attitude toward personal glorification was one of his many contradictions. Avid for publicity on any of his projects, he always remained personally shy, avoiding the limelight and seeking the com-

pany of a few chosen friends. Steve Hannagan, one of America's top publicity men, got his start with Fisher and worked with him all through the Hoosier's active career.

Says Hannagan today: "Fisher was the greatest and most-natural press agent who ever lived. He had a real public touch. He built before he sold."

IN 1912, CARL DECIDED to retire. He liquidated all his investments, with the exception of the Speedway, and went to his home in Florida. He had \$6,000,000 in cash and figured that he could loaf in style for the rest of his life. But he was a man of action and soon became bored with cruising in Biscayne Bay.

Across from Miami, on the long, narrow peninsula that reaches into the Atlantic, was another man of action, John Collins, 75-year-old Quaker who had come from New Jersey to grow tropical fruit. His avocado crop had been phenomenal, but he had no way to get it to market. So he began building a 2½-mile bridge across the Bay.

Before Collins was half-finished, he ran out of money. Fisher was so amazed at the audacity of the man beginning such a project at his age that he loaned the intrepid Quaker \$50,000 to complete the job—without demanding security. Out of gratitude, Collins presented his benefactor with a 200-acre strip of property on the strand. All but the



sandy shore was a swamp jungle, so when Fisher bought an additional 200 acres his friends asked the usual question: "Has Carl gone crazy?" But Carl wasn't crazy; he was just dreaming again.

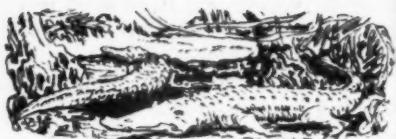
"I'm going to build the prettiest little city in the world right here," Carl confided to Levi. "We'll kill two birds with one stone. First we dredge the Bay to give it a deep channel and at the same time fill the swamp with the sand."

It is inconceivable to Miami Beach visitors today that the tropical Eden where they stand was once a steaming stretch of swamp-land. The beach became a giant sand pile in which Carl played Aladdin. The mangroves were cut away, and sand from the Bay was modeled into parks, golf courses and polo fields. Islands were built. Lakes and canals were dug. Boulevards were laid out. A "magic city" blossomed before the eyes of incredulous onlookers.

By 1922, however, Fisher's entire fortune had melted into the sand. Cynics said, "We told you so"—but a little too soon. At the crucial moment, his scheme caught on. Carl led a battery of press agents to victory by selling sun, sand, sea and sex (the bathing beauty). By 1925, at the peak of the real-estate hysteria, his Miami Beach holdings were evaluated at \$100,000,000.

But he despised the operators and "binder boys" who made Florida their happy hunting grounds in the '20s. To keep his property out of the sphere of speculation, Fisher held the bulk off the market and placed severe restrictions on the remainder.

During the boom, a typical Fish-



er story was widely circulated. One morning while horseback riding, he came upon an old man loading an equally old wagon with materials from a Fisher building project. Carl asked the old man what he was doing.

"Ah'm gettin' some of these case-ments for a house ah'm buildin' myself. That rich old Fisher will never miss 'em."

"That's right," said Carl, and got down from his horse to help the old man load his wagon.

Carl built four hotels in Miami Beach—the Lincoln, King Cole, Nautilus and Flamingo. Each visitor was his "paying guest." He would not have bell boys at the Lincoln, because he insisted that tipping embarrassed people. In the kitchen near the lounge stood an enormous refrigerator where meats and cold cuts were kept, so that when guests came in at night they could feel at home and "raid the icebox" free of charge. On each floor, a maid kept constant vigil on all guests' clothes. If a garment became wrinkled, it was pressed and returned without cost.

When at last Miami Beach was a success, Carl's friends expected him to retire as he had planned 12 years before, but as usual he could not rest. He was visualizing a summer resort equivalent to Miami Beach on Montauk Point, at the tip of Long Island. When associates protested, he said: "You dudes can sit around here on your white pants

if you want, but I can't. I've got to see the dirt fly!"

He bought about 10,000 acres of Montauk for \$2,500,000 and began the Miami Beach story all over again—on an even larger scale. Dredges were put to work, channels were deepened, islands built and canals dug. The buildings were all styled to maintain the flavor of an English countryside.

Carl saw Montauk not only as a summer playground for the rich, but also as a harbor for transatlantic steamers. The ships, he figured, could save a whole day by putting in at Montauk, which was only three hours and forty minutes by rail from New York.

Montauk was the end of Fisher's career. The fates were against him. From every side adversity threw blows at the "dream builder." The tragic Florida hurricane of 1926, political interference, and finally the crash of '29 were the final touches. He had gambled heavily on Montauk and lost. Mortgages on his Florida property were foreclosed, and soon the bulk of the Fisher fortune was wiped out.

Joe Copps, a long-time Fisher associate, said of him: "The reason Carl lost out was the way he did business. He wouldn't sell a lot until the project was completely

developed. I believe Carl was the most-honest man I ever met. He maintained that people shouldn't buy anything that they weren't completely sure of. He reserved the risks for himself."

Fisher's last years were spent at Miami Beach in near-poverty for him—\$10,000 a year. People remember him as an amiable, informal old man who talked of great plans for the Florida Keys. He was a familiar character on the beach, dressed in Norfolk blazer and white flannel trousers. He was never without the floppy felt hat and perforated patent-leather pumps that had become Fisher trade-marks.

When he died in July, 1939, Miami Beach went into mourning, and the great of America came to pay last respects to the builder who had given so much to the country he loved. Among the honorary pallbearers were Walter Chrysler, John Oliver La Gorce, Barney Oldfield, Charles F. Kettering, William K. Vanderbilt, James M. Cox, Frank Seiberling, Gar Wood and Bernard Gimbel.

Today, in a small park on the north end of Miami Beach, stands a bronze bust dedicated to Carl Fisher. It bears the simple legend: "He carved a great city out of a jungle."

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Years later, the little girl married. On their honeymoon, she and her husband visited Egypt and adopted an old native greeting, "May your shadow never grow less," as their favorite toast.

In time, they went to Italy and visited Monte Cassino, the Benedictine monastery. As they neared the monastery, the young woman exclaimed, "Why, there is my monument!" Then she told her husband about her map.

"That's strange," he replied. "Do you realize tomorrow is May first?"

Later, as they drank their toast, a thought came to both. "May your shadow never grow less." Shadow . . . treasure . . . head of monument . . . May 1, 6 A.M. . . . It all fitted.

Early next morning, they climbed the hill again, carrying a spade. At 6 o'clock the husband began to dig where the monument's shadow hit the earth. Soon he unearthed three chests filled with rich treasures.

Hastily, the young couple told the monks their story. Then the monks explained. Years before, when war threatened, the Benedictines had buried their treasures. After the war scare, no one knew what became of the map.

But because the map had found its way to New York, and because a little girl had cried before an antique shop, a priceless treasure was restored to Monte Cassino in 1887 by two young Americans.

—B. L. CONNELLY

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